THE NAPANEE EXPRESS

Vol. LXIII No 48—E J. POLLARD, Editor and Proprietor.
NAPANEE, ONTARIO, CANADA—TUESDAY, OCTOBER 28th, 1924.
$1.50 per year in advance

Grange W A clerk

The Delicious Flavor

drawn from the leaves of

"SALADA"

GREEN TEA H469

has won it millions of users. Sold by all grocers. Buy a package today.

FREE SAMPLE of GREEN TEA UPON REQUEST. "SALADA," TORONTO

INSURANCE

For Fire Insurance try
ALFRED McCUTCHEON,
Roblin.

A number of compaines to choose from.

Office :
Residence, Roblin, Main Street.
27-tf

H. W. GALLAGHER

The People's Auctioneer

My experience in handling a number of very successful sales has convinced my patrons that I am capable of handling any sale and guarantee to give you perfect satisfaction.

List your sales with me.
H. W. GALLAGHER.
Phone 10 ring 1-3,
Adolphustown.
11-3-m

DOXSEE & CO.

New Autumn MILLINERY

More time and care has been taken in selecting these new Fall Fashions than ever before.

We are now showing a nice selection of Felt Hat, including combinations of Felt and Velvet, Silk and Velvet, in all the newest shades.

AT MODERATE PRICES

HOSIERY

In Black, Beige, Sand, and White. Odd sizes.

AT PRICES TO CLEAR.

The Leading Millinery House

Dress Well And Succeed

Buy Quality Clothes, at Reasonable Prices, Tailored to your order by

W.W.ADAMS
Merchant Tailor
Newburgh, - Ont.

VanLuven's Coal takes the wet out of rain. Costs only $14.50—Why pay more ?

H. J. GLEESON, M.B.
University of Toronto.

Office of late Dr. Grant, corner of East and Bridge streets.

Office hours 1.30 to 5 p.m., 7 to 9 p.m. Phone 123.

HARDWOOD - FLOORING !

Seaman-Kent Hardwood Flooring—Floors Re-surfaced and Finished.

ARTHUR A. SILLS,
Coleman Street, BELLEVILLE
3tf

Use Satin Finish

HARDWOOD - FLOORING

and save the expense of scraping. It's finished before it is laid.

For estimates, etc., ask
PICTON WOODWORKING CO.
45-tf Picton.

FOR SALE—One second-hand square piano, extra good condition. A real bargain. Apply to SPENCER & SON. 23

WANTED—At once, Alsike seed in quantities. Highest market price paid. Bring in a sample. GEO. E. WINTER, Dundas St.

FOR SALE—17-ft. Motor Boat, in good running order. Just right size for camp and trolling. Speed, 2 to 8 miles per hour. Apply E. L. BEDORE. 32-tf

FOR SALE—A folding baby carriage, good as new, regularly cost $20.00, will be sold for $10.00 cash. Apply to MRS. M. W. SIMPKINS, Newburgh. 48-bp

ALWAYS a number of farms and houses in town for sale. Owners may also list property for sale at low terms. No sale, no charge. T. B. GERMAN, Barrister, Napanee, Ont. 6-tf

FOR SAL OR TO RENT—Small 7 room brick house, two barns, stalls for three cows and hen house, about four acres of land next to East Ward School, Newburgh Road. Apply at premises. 48-ap

FOR SALE OR TO LET—Residence and two lots on Dundas street. Ten acres and building with sixty horse power boiler, engine and shafting on West street. MRS. MIDMER, Millhaven.

WANTED—Newlaid Eggs, Live Fowl and Chickens, Honey, Dairy Butter, etc. Write for prices. Prompt cash payment. Satisfaction guaranteed. GUNN LANGLOIS & CO., Limited, Montreal. 41-h

FARM FOR SALE OR TO RENT—145 acres in Richmond, three miles from Napanee. Good land, living spring, fair house and barns. Formerly the Chamberlain farm. Apply to MAX FOX, Napanee. 43-tf

½ TON FORD TRUCK FOR SALE 1917, a sacrifice. Have you heard about the new Peerless Hand Milker. Ask your neighbor. Frost & Wood Machinery and Cockshutt Plows, Slated Roofing. Sold by SPENCER & SON. 34

Save part of your crop money

ONTARIO has enjoyed good crops this year. The prudent farmer lays aside part of his profits when times are good to provide for the future.

This bank furnishes a safe place for your savings and offers complete and efficient banking service in all its departments.

Have you a financial problem? Consult our local manager. You will find his advice and wide experience of value.

THE DOMINION BANK
NAPANEE BRANCH
G. PATTON CARR, Manager.
85R

LENNOX MAJORITY 2,955 FOR THE O. T. A.

TOWN OF NAPANEE AND THE TOWNSHIPS ALL VOTED STRONGLY "DRY."

The County of Lennox gave a majority of 2,955 for the Ontario Temperance Act. The town of Napanee voted over two to one "dry." The vote was :

	O.T.A.	Govt. Control
Adolphustown	185	46
Amherst Island....	154	62
Bath	106	38
Ernesttown	1126	236
N. Fredericksburg..	549	126
S. Fredericksburg..	266	59
Richmond	800	176
Napanee	1028	446
Totals	4108	1153

Majority for O.T.A.2,955.

WESTPLAIN.

Potato digging is the order of the day and all report a bumper crop.

Farmers around here are nearly all through threshing.

Mr. Geo. Davis has returned home after spending a week with Deseronto friends.

Mr. Stewart Waddell spent Sunday evening at Mr. Wm. Waddell's, Jr.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Palmer, of Napanee, and Mr. Herb. Wilson and Miss Blanche Wiseman, of Bath, spent Sunday last at Chris. Hartin's.

Mr. Kenneth Young and Miss Alethea Young spent Sunday at Wilton Young's.

Mr. Percy Pringle and Miss Winnie York spent Sunday at Mr. T. Yates', Marlbank.

Mr. Frank McFarlane spent Sunday evening at Chris Hartin's.

Mr. Lyle Davis spent Sunday last under the parental roof.

All are glad to see Mrs. R. Pringle and little granddaughter, Winnifred, home again after spending the summer in Watertown, N.Y.

Sills' Motors.

Service on all cars. Work guaranteed. We are installing new work shop equipment for time and labor saving, giving greater satisfaction to our customers. Genuine Ford parts. Formerly Lennox Garage.

TORONTO CITY LOSES ITS RAILWAY APPEAL.

London, Oct. 24.—The city of Toronto's appeal to the Privy Council against the award of the arbitrators on the amount the city should pay the Toronto Street Railway Company in connection with the city taking over the railway was dismissed with costs by the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council today.

The Toronto Railway's counter-appeal was allowed with regard to certain claims made by the company on the city, but in other respects the company's appeal was dismissed.

The award of the Arbitration Board when the cty took over the Street Railway franchise was that the corporation pay eleven million or ten less than the company wanted.

NOTICE OF MEETING

THE COUNTY COUNCIL

of Lennox and Addington, at call of the Warden, will meet at the Council Chamber, in the Court House, NAPANEE, on

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 9th, 1924
at 2 p. m.

All accounts must be in the hands of the undersigned not later than Wednesday, Dec. 10th, in order that they may be considered.

W. G. WILSON,
County Clerk.
Dated October 27th, 1924.

PUBLIC NOTICE

SPECIAL MEETING OF THE COUNTY COUNCIL.

Take Notice that pursuant to the provision of Section 290 of the Municipal Act, the Municipal Council of the Corporation of the County of Lennox and Addington will take into consideration passing and if approved by the majority of the Council will pass at its meeting specially called for said purpose to be held on Wednesday the 10th day of December, 1924, at the hour of 7 p.m., at its Chambers in the Court House, in the Town of Napanee, a By-law to borrow the sum of $20,000 for the purpose of assisting in meeting the current expenditures of the Corporation during the year 1924 unprovided for.

W. G. WILSON,
County Clerk.
Dated 27th October, 1924. 48-d

Drs. Dennis P. and Agnes M. Mullaley

Chiropractors

Graduates of National College, Chicago

Spinal Adjustment, Massage, Urinalysis.

Centre St., (north of Bridge St)
Office Hours : A. M., 10-12 ; P. M., 2-5, 7-8.
'Phone 301.
Consultation, Free.

MAJORITY FOR O. T. A. OVER 40,000

SEVERAL HUNDRED POLLS ARE YET TO BE HEARD FROM—NO CONCESSIONS GIVEN "WET" CITIES AND TOWNS.

Very little change in the standing of the vote of the Ontario Temperanc Act was apparent this morning. The majority for prohibition hovered around 40,000 with several hundred polls still to be heard from. It is not likly that any close estimate of the majority can be formed until the official count is announced.

Premier Ferguson was asked if the government would bring in a local option bill in view of the fact that most of the bigger centres of population had voted against prohibition.

"The government cannot give any concessions to the 'wet' cities," replied Mr. Ferguson. "The result of the vote is apparent, and the issue was one clearly defined and agreed upon by both partes beforehand."

The provincial summary on Saturday morning was : 6,591 sub divisions out of 7,332 show the following :

For Ontario Temperance Act, 542,196.

For Government Control, 501,828.

Dry majority, 40,368.

DESERONTO.

Deseronto enjoys the distinction and honor of having votes cast in the recent provincial polling by perhaps the two eldest voters in Ontario, Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Bowen, ninety-two and ninety-three years of age respectively.

A largely attended and very successful sale was held at the farm of Mr. Chas. Martin, Slash road, on Friday, with Auctioneer Fisher, Belleville, in charge.

An absence of farmers from our town has been noticed by the merchants in general during this week. The ideal weather for caring for the harvest and fall ploughing has been taken advantage of by all engaged in agriculture.

After a few days visit to family and friends in Deseronto, Mr. A. Foote returnd on Friday to his duties on the Provincial Patrol boat, "Athene."

Mrs. John Carman, Fourth street, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. G. Dennis, Napanee. [illegible]

Miss Muriel and [illegible] Gladys Detlor have returned to their home in Deseronto, after a pleasant visit to relatives and friends in Toronto and Brantford.

Mr. and Mrs. Scott Frost and children, of Leamington, were recent visitors to Mrs. Frost's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Wagar, Maple Avenue.

Notice to Cement Users.

We have a car cement at station to-day. Save money by taking out of car.

BOYLE & SON.

BETHEL.

Potato digging is nearly completed. There is a fair crop.

The sale of the household goods and property owned by the late Martha Johnston was held on Monday at Camden East.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Galbraith spent a few days recently with their daughter, Mrs. H. Huffman, Napanee.

Mrs. Samuel Hamilton spent a couple of days last week with her daughter, Mrs. Jackson, Yarker.

Mr. and Mrs. D. Smith, Conway, and Mr. and Mrs. F. Walker, Specialty Paper Mills, spent a day recently at H. Robinson's.

Mrs. Myrtle McWilliams spent a day recently with Mrs. Sarah Connolly, Yarker.

Mr. and Mrs. L. Salisbury spent Saturday evening in Napanee.

A. Wilson and family have moved into Wesley Curl's house and intend working the farm.

CHEQUE FOR $800,000

Toronto, Oct. 25.—The liquidators of the Home Bank of Canada yesterday received a cheque for $800,000 from E. W. Burgis, of New Orleans, representing the cash price paid by Mr. Burgis for the Home Bank's interests in the West and South New Orleans Light and Traction Companies. The sale was made with the approval of the court, and of the inspectors, who were appointed to represent the creditors. The price received is considered to be a very satisfactory one, based upon an independent appraisal obtained by the liquidators with the sanction of inspectors.

The outlays of the Home Bank of Canada in connection with railway and light enterprises in New Orleans amounted, with unpaid interest, to approximately $1,150,000 at the date of suspension of the bank.

An Old Custom.

As early as 1188 a building on the site of the Old Bailey, London, was used as a jail. In 1750 a bad epidemic of jail fever resulted in the death of the Lord Mayor and some of the sheriffs, and from that time it became the custom to present a nosegay to each of the judges and sheriffs as they came into court. The floor was also strewn with rosemary, lavender, thyme, mint, and so on. This custom still holds good to-day.

Telephones In London.

Telephone subscribers in London numbered 220,000 at the end of March, 1923.

The Farmer's Sun.

New subscriptions or renewals received at this office. 46-b

PETER SMITH, LATE PROVINCIAL TREASURER GIVEN THREE YEARS IN THE PENITENTIARY

AEMILIUS JARVIS GIVEN SIX MONTHS IN JAIL. FINED $600,000

The jury late Friday afternoon returned a verdict of guilty in the conspiracy charge against Smith and Jarvis and a verdict of not guilty in favor of Aemilius Jarvis, Jr., and Harry C. Pepall, who were also charged with conspiracy and theft in connection with the redemption of succession free bonds by the Province while Peter Smith was Provincial Treasurer. On the theft charge all were found not guilty.

His Lordship said that the charge, simplified, was that the four men had endeavoured to cheat the province. He asked what Jarvis, Sr., had done that he should get such a large sum of money. He had risked none of his own money in buying the bonds in England and the bankers there had done the real work. The banks, for doing the work, got three-eights of one per cent., while Jarvis got 8 per cent. "If he made that money honestly then all we can do is to blame the Government for being foolish," said His Lordship.

"Do you think any real business man would enter a proposition of that kind ?" he asked. "If the money were made honestly, why were not the securities in payment of the Jarvis services sent to Toronto instead of New York ?" He told the jury that it must be satisfied that Peter Smith got the securities or part of them.

"If he didn't get them, Andrew Pepall could prove it, but Smith has not the benefit of Andrew Pepall's evidence. If he received the bonds from someone else, why has he not brought that someone else here to say so ?" asked His Lordship.

Mr. Tilley said that Peter Smith went to the Government with "a lie on his lips and deceit in his heart," and that he had been a stool pigeon, and had put over the transaction with Jarvis, Sr., as two rogues would. The elder Jarvis, he said, was responsible for the whole deal. The younger Jarvis, if he were not in the original plot, he continued, knew of it later. Peter Smith, he said, had taken advantage of his position and that of a reputable broker to involve the province in a loss of $520,000 in order to get one-third of the amount in his own pocket.

It is understood that the "fine" imposed on the convicted men by Chief Justice Meredith was $600,000 in all, not $600,000 each as assumed in some quarters. The amount is to be paid, according to the judge's sentence, before either man is freed after expiration of the prison term imposed in each case. His Lordship's intention was to secure a return to the Province of the amount lost to the public in the illegal transactions.

Underground Garages for London.

An interesting scheme for underground motor parks, which, it is contended, would go far towards solving London's problem of congested streets, is put forward by Mr. Claude Grahame-White.

He suggests the construction of two-storied garages under the London squares, and points out the value of such subterranean shelters in the case of air raids arising out of any future war.

"The traffic congestion," writes Mr. Grahame-White, "is aggravated by the dearth of garage and parking accommodation throughout the metropolitan area. A large number of private owners have, since the war, been unable to afford the luxury of a chauffeur, and are forced to leave their cars in the streets unattended.

"My proposal entails the provision of garages, having separate entrances and exists by means of inclined planes, under all the principal squares in the congested areas of the City and West London. Such a scheme would require the sanction and approval of the state, who could either build these garages and shelters, or could grant concessions to private companies.

"A garage would be constructed on at least two levels, on the most modern principles.

"On the floor nearest the ground level would be housed cars for short period garages. The first sub-basement would be reserved for longer periods, with car wash and work shops, and on the lower sub-basement would be chauffeurs' quarters and a restaurant. This would materially relieve the present congested condition of the London streets."

Never Surprised.

Some people never miss an opportunity for contradiction. Which fact recalls the story of the woman who was travelling through "Wild Wales."

"My, ain't them mountains high!" exclaimed a fellow-passenger.

The contradictory one looked out of the window to see the summits of the lofty hills, and sniffed:

"Only the tops of them is," she protested.

Poor Wifey.

Hubby—"Are you ready, dear?"

Wifey—"Yes. I'll be down in a minute; I've only my hat to put on."

"All right. Then I'll have time to shave before we go."

Coal oil stoves and ovens at DAVY & ALLISON'S.

VARIETY SHOWER.

A number of friends and relatives gathered at the some of Mr. and Mrs. P. Bugler, Gananoque, on Sept. 26ts, and presented Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Littlepahn with the following :

Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Littlejohn and family—China tea set.

Marion Johnston—Pair linen twels and Aluminum frying pan.

Leonard Littlejohn—Carving set and patty tins.

Capt. D. J. Kenny—Glass fruit dish and box chocolates.

Loretta Littlejohn—Aluminum tea kettle and towel.

Charlie Littlejohn—Teapot and combination salt and pepper stand.

W. H. Morgan—Pair blankets.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Littlejohn—Aluminum stew kettle and pie plate.

Lea and Alice Vincent—Half dozen silver tea spoons.

Edith Scott—Fruit bowl.

Leo Amo—Pyrex dish.

Mr. and Mrs. Tony Vincent—Hand-painted dish.

Mr. and Mrs. Alex Gordon—Silver cold meat fork.

Rebecca Calow—Grater.

Bertha Calow—Mixing bowl.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Amo—Dish, towels.

Mrs. R. J. Littlejohn—Aluminum pie plates.

Rolande Gordon — Aluminum saucepan.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Brennan—Silver cake plate.

Mr. and Mrs. Donald Woods—Linen table cloth with napkins to match.

Mayme and Irene Littlejohn—Fruit bowl.

Emile Vincent—Silver berry spoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Amo—Cake plate.

Ray Kidd, Carey Loiselle, M. McDonald, Mr. and Mrs. P. Bugler—Bath towels.

Mary and Theressa Bugler, Daniel Gauthier, Rita Flood—Brown Betty Teapots.

Also a number of friends and relatives gathered at the Masonic Hall in Bath, on Oct. 10th and presented Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Littlejohn (formerly Lena Baker) with the following useful gifts :

Mr. and Mrs. John Baker—$5.00.

Mr. and Mrs. Hegadorn — Brown Betty teapot.

Laura Hegadorn—Milk pitcher.

Orison Benn—$1.00.

Mr. and Mrs. Herb Bulch—$1.00.

Gretta and Lauriene Brown—Stew kettle.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Amos—Pair towels.

Mr. and Mrs. F. Covert—Aluminum roasting pan.

Dan and Joe Lawlor—Combination cake tins.

Mr. and Mrs. Winzlow Thompson—Potato pot.

Laney Thompson—Pillow slips.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Thorigal—Milk pitcher.

Arnold Baker—Pickle cruit.

Mr. and Mrs. Irvine Hunter—Marmalade jar.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Kilgannon—Cake tins.

Clarence Mott—Pair towels.

D. F. and Eleanor Aylesworth—Collander.

Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Calver—$1.00.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Baker—Sugar and cream set.

Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Thompson—Potato pot.

Mr. and Mrs. D. H. Robinson—Tray cloth and half dozen water glasses.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Revelle—Pair Towels.

Mr. and Mrs. Claude Thompson—Half dozen water glasses and card dish.

Mr. and Mrs. G. Clement—Three bowls.

Eleanor Howie — Aluminum basin.

Aileene Howie—Glass dish.

May Horne—Earthen dish.

Mr. Donohue—$1.00.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Amey—$1.00.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Young—Aluminum stew kettle.

Willie Kellar—Glass dish.

Samuel Amos, Fred Joslin, Herb. Wilson, Blanche Wiseman, Mr. and Mrs. F. Hagerman, Gerald Craven and E. Green—Bath Towels.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Roberts—Saucepan.

Norman Wood—$1.00.

Mr. and Mrs. P. Buck—Table napkins.

Mr. and Mrs. John Baker—Four chairs and rocking chair.

Mr. and Mrs. Leo Crowe—Fancy tray.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Wood—Silver tomato server.

Mrs. Claude Thompson—Cake plate and towels.

Mr. and Mrs. Ross Filson—Sugar shell.

Ruth Hamilton—Glass vase.

Ray Clement—Flour sifter.

Jessie Thompson—Glass dish.

Harold and Albert Babcock—Double boiler.

Mr. and Mrs. Irvine Lemmon—Aluminum basin.

Mr. and Mrs. N. Rikley—$2.50.

Mr. and Mrs. Joel Kellar—Salad Bowl.

Eileene Murphy—Pickle dish.

Wesley Ruttan—$1.00.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Loyst—$1.00.

Misses Mildred and Marguerite Seeley—$1.00.

Mr. Lorne Birrel—Milk pail.

Johnny Hunter—Mop handle.

Mr. and Mrs. T. R. Lewis—Cream, sugar and butter set.

Harry Thompson—Saucepan.

Wm. Hall and son—Double roaster.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Mott—Tablecloth.

Kathleen Clifford—Fancy plate.

Calvoin Lewis—Linen towel.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Baker—Dish pan.

Dorland Laird—Coffee percolator.

A friend—Grater.

A friend—Strainer.

Joe Murphy—Sugar, cream and butter set.

Alice Thompson—Raw fruit dish.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Hegadorn—Linen towels.

Ada Lewis—Pickle dish.

Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Osborne—Chopping knife and sifter.

Bernard Clifford—$1.00.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Franklin—Tablespoons.

Mr. and Mrs. Littlejohn wish to thank their friends and relatives for the many useful and beautiful presents bestowed upon them.

Torpedo-Carrying Wonder Plane.

What is generally thought to be the most wonderful airplane ever built is nearing completion at the works of the Blackburn Aircraft Co., Ltd., at Brough, on the Humber, in England.

The machine was built for the Air Ministry, and is named the Cubaroo. It is driven by a 1,000-h.p. Napier Cub. It is a biplane with a wing spread of about 70 feet, and it has an enormous fuselage.

Although the Napier Cub is, both in size and power, the biggest aero engine in the world, it is stowed away in the fuselage so that it cannot be seen, and the pilot's seat is actually on top of the engine.

Inside the fuselage there are three separate floors. On the top floor is the pilot's room and space for armament.

On the middle floor are the chart-room and offices, and on the "ground floor" or basement are the bomb sights and more armament. The torpedo is also controlled from this room.

The machine has been specially designed to carry the largest naval torpedo built.

It has a normal top speed of 120 m.p.h, but when in action it could swoop down at 150 m.p.h. to within a few feet of the water, discharge its torpedo, which would disable or even sink the largest £6,000,000 battleship afloat, and be miles away almost before the crew of the ship knew what was happening.

The Cubaroo has been designed by Major Bumpus, and a fleet of 400 such machines could be built for the price of the battleship which any one of them could destroy.

'Twas a Famous Victory.

"It is a great day for England," said William IV., as he lay on his death-bed on June 18th, 1837, and listened to the guns firing for the anniversary of the Battle of Waterloo. This battle was fought by eighty thousand French and two hundred and fifty guns, against sixty-seven thousand British, Hanoverians, and Belgians, assisted by a large number of Prussians who came in at the last moment. The British casualties on the field were fourteen hundred men killed and nearly five thousand wounded. Four thousand of the allied forces were killed, and the total number of their wounded was twenty-two thousand.

At the time it was considered a very dear victory; but it is, perhaps, one of the most famous and important of all time. It has gone down into the glorious history of our country, carrying with it an ever-living memory of our great countryman—Wellington.—Answers.

Too Much Tidiness.

"That place is so tidy I would go mad if I had to live in it," a man said the other day, after paying a visit to a friend, whose wife had the "just so" mania.

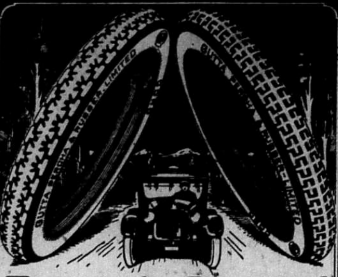
One can certainly have too much tidiness, as the small European business community in Persia discovered when the telegraph was first introduced there in the days of Nasr ed Din.

The Persian clerks in charge thought that the messages being transmitted were too untidy, so they carefully re-arranged them, putting all the consonants together, sending them over the wire, and then following up with the vowels.

Genuine Creonoid Fly Oil in bulk at $1.00 per gallon at DAVY & ALLISON'S.

OCT. 1924	Our Weekly Calendar	Moon Phases First Quarter Nov. 3rd

28 Tue. The birthday of a friend of mine,
Who stayed by me through rain and shine.
29 Wed. Go gather the harvest : we all have sown,
Some seeds on the highway of life.
30 Thur. You know what you've sown, so take but your own
And you'll find evil weeds are rife.
31 Fri. 'Tis Halloween night the black cat is awake,
And the witch on her broom flies over the lake.
1 Sat. **Take half a bushel of good-will seed (costs nothing) give each one of your neighbore a fist full and report results.**
2 Sun. For the Lord is a great God and a great King above all Gods.
3 Mon. Dig up that old spite weed and cast it out into the road for the cars to run over.



Tires to be Proud of

Are you proud of your car? Its performance can only be a source of perfect pride if it is equipped with everything of the best. "Gutta Percha" Cords leave nothing to be desired, as far as tires are concerned.

"GUTTA PERCHA"
CORD TIRES
"Quality all Through"

Gutta Percha & Rubber, Limited
Head Office *and* Factories, Toronto
Branches from Coast to Coast

Complete Stock carried by
J. MURPHY, C. A. WISEMAN,
PAUL'S GARAGE.

The Best Service

A store can give its customers is to provide the best possible **VALUES** for the prices asked.

We seek to do this, and it is our purpose to make you feel you can absolutely depend upon the **QUALITY** of your purchases here.

OUR STOCK OF CLOTHING AND FURNISHINGS MERIT YOUR CAREFUL CONSIDERATION.

THE GRAHAM CO'Y.,
Napanee Ont.

J. B. WILLOUGHBY, M.D., C.M.

Corner Dundas and Robinson Streets.

Office Hours :—2 p.m. to 5 p.m., 7 p.m. to 8 p.m.
'Phone 307. 32-1y

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Physician and Surgeon,
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170A Front St., Belleville
Opposite City Hall
Phone 1200

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Everything Neat and Sanitary
Best of Service Guaranteed.

GIVE US A TRIAL

H. W. SMITH
Graduate of Ontario Veterinary College. B. V. Sc., of Toronto University.

OFFICE—Centre Street.
PHONE 61

T. M. GALBRAITH
B. A., M. D., C. M.
Cor. Dundas and West Streets
Specialty—Diseases of Children.
Office hours—Until 9 a. m. 1 p. m. till 3 p. m. 7 till 9 p. m.
Telephone—**279.**

Hard and soft cut wood for sale. 'Phone 53.

ROBT. LIGHT.
44tf

GET IT AT
WALLACE'S

REALISM ACHIEVED.

Killed by Lion for Sake of Movie Thrill.

Surpassing in horror any previous tragedy that has befallen during the making of thrills for public entertainment comes this accident where a cinema actor in Rome was torn to death by an enraged lioness while thousands of supers in a mob scene looked on, appalled by the spectacle.

"Quo Vadis?" that famous historical novel of the time of Nero and his cruel and voluptuous reign, was the story being filmed and the cause of the latest tragedy to befall filmdom.

No effort had been spared to achieve realism. There was the mighty Nero himself, young and imperious, gorgeous in his robes of golden splendor. There were his slaves, decked in fine trappings, too, that they might reflect his glory. It was easy to believe this was the very Rome, this the very arena. Directors patted each other on the back and congratulated themselves on the astounding faithfulness with which they had been able to re-create for modern men the spectacle of Nero's reign.

Then Destiny said: "I will make the play real. It shall, in very fact, be a Roman holiday."

In the film one of the most horrifying and telling scenes of all is where lions attack the Christian martyrs in Nero's great circus. The directors of the picture, striving for the last inch of realism to please the public, after deliberating, had finally decided to show real lions in the scene. Twenty-seven perfect specimens were procured.

Even the supers thrilled. Silence fell on the actors and the great mob of supers taking the part of an audience in their tier-like seats, as these great powerful animals prowled stealthily out from the cages. The arena had been divided in half and it was in this half they were allowed to roam for the first shot of the camera. Faces grew rapt and eyes fascinated as the great sinuous yellow bodies slinked along in the sand. Occasionally one snarled or growled, rumbling at the keeper. Only the steady grind of the camera could be heard. Then suddenly the director called for manifestations of holiday excitement, for cheers, for bravos.

A cheer went up from the multitude. It froze in the air. It turned to a blood-chilling scream. Without warning an enraged lioness shot over the barrier and dropped amid the supers. Death was in every blow of those taloned paws and those gleaming teeth! Frantic, desperate attempts at escape were made. Then suddenly again there was silence. The lioness had found her prey. Dazed and helpless, the thousands looked on.

A second, that seemed like eternity, passed before the sound of shots split the air. With a scream of pain the enraged lioness leaped, a yellow arch in the air. Then she fell, a writhing heap on the ground. But it was too late. On the ground in the vast arena there lay a stiller body. Warm red crept through the white robe of the "Christian martyr." Augusto Palombi had played his part to the end.

Gabrilleno d'Annunzio, son of the famed d'Annunzio, and the Princess Galles were two of the directors in this tragedy behind a drama which has horrified not only Italy, where an aged, unsung actor sacrificed his life to a public in this fashion, but the whole world to whom the story has gone forth.

Oldest American Roadway.

The old Spanish road, built across Mexico in the sixteenth century is believed to be the oldest road on the North American continent. It was built in the form of a letter "Y" with the lower point of the stern starting at Vera Cruz on the gulf. The northern prong touches the Pacific at San Blas and the southern tip at Acapulco. Because of this road the west-bound conveys from the Philippines were spared the dangerous navigation around Cape Horn. There is still evidence that this old trail was used by the Indians before the Spaniard broadened it from a pack-mule path to a highway.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

BY REV. C. G. TRUMBULL.
(Editor of The Sunday School Times).

THE PRODIGAL SON

Sunday, Nov. 2—Luke 15 : 11-24.

Golden Text—I will arise and go to my Father.—(Luke 15 : 18.

Printers' Ink, a trade magazine for advertisers published an article a few weeks ago which gave, in a terse, trenchant way, a dozen rules "for making advertising read quickly." The writer said he had a difficult time finding a piece of writing that would illustrate effectively all those rules until he thought of the parable of the prodigal son. "Eagerly I turned it up," he says, "read it rapidly through, and found that it exemplified everyone of the principles set down. Out of a total of 257 words, 214 are of one syllable ; 41 are of two syllables, and only two, both deeply charged with meaning, of three syllables. In brief, there are no obstructions, either for the eye or the mind."

The literary analysis that this advertising man then makes of the mere style and form of this parable, without touching upon its spiritual content, is but another of the frequent unconscious tributes to the inspiration of the Bible.

Publicans and sinners had been drawing near unto Christ to hear Him, and the Pharisees and scribes were objecting, saying, "this man receiveth sinners, and eateth with them." In reply, Christ told three parables, making it plain that the thing above all else that He desired was that publicans and sinners should come unto Him. "For the Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost."

When the youngr of the two sons asked his father to "give me the portion of goods that falleth to me," (v. 12) would it not have been better if the father had withheld this ? Evidently not. God gives us good gifts, even if He knows we are going to misuse them. He does not interfere with our free will, and we must learn certain lessons in this way.

There are two "far countries" between which everyone must choose as his place of living. There is the far country of sin, to which the younger son went and "wasted his substance with riotous living"—which is what we always do when we sin. And there is the far country to which "a certain nobleman went—to receive for himself a kingdom, and to return" (Luke 19 : 12). That is Heaven ; it is where our citizenship ought to be, our chosen home, if our lives are "hid with Christ in God."

We cannot live in sin very long before the famine starts and we "begin to be in want" (v. 14). For sin never satisfies ; it is a starving and dying process even when its pleasures seem to be at their height. But God often mercifully cuts off the pleasures of sin so that, whether we will or no, we are forced to realize its emptiness. We are never well cared for if we join ourselves to citizens of Satan's far country, as did the prodigal (v. 15). The citizen in the parable gave the pauper a poor job. Satan's wages are always and only death.

Sin is always, in a sense, insanity. That is, it is abandoning one's senses, fighting one's best friend, injuring one's best interests. So repentance is well described as coming to one's self, by changing one's mind about sin, which is the meaning of the word "repentance." Now for the first time the prodigal began to think and talk sensibly (v. 17). He saw his real condition, and the way out ; and that is always the beginning of repentance and conversion for a lost sinner.

That this was real repentance was shown by the fact that he put his sin against Heaven even ahead of his sin against his father (v. 18) ; he made no shadow of excuse for himself, offered no "alibi" ; confessed his own utter unworthiness, frankly admitting that he had forfeited his sonship; and then humbly pleaded for admission into his father's house in a very insignificent position (v. 19). True repentance always takes this attitude, offering no entenuating circumstances or excuses, and pleading not for justice but only for mercy.

When he began to put his purpose into effect, by starting for home his father did five things :

In the habitual attitude of watching, he saw him "when he was yet a great way off."

His heart overflowed with love and compassion for the boy.

He ran to meet him ; there was no grudging welcome, no aloof dignity that kept the prodigal in the place where he belonged.

He "fell on his neck," in a flood-tide of joyous restoration.

And he "kissed him," the sign of the most intimate, sacred love.

It is sometimes said that in this parable of the restoration of the lost son there is no Saviour, no atonement. Yet in type the robe of righteousness is here, which was placed around the repentant and forgiven son as the father's free gift ; and th blood and life of an innocent animal were poured out, that they might "eat, and be merry."

Whatever is or is not included in the details of this parable, it is rich with the undeserved mercy and abounding grace of God toward sinners who return to Him in confession and faith.

Reason Enough.

The city man was in the habit of lunching regularly at the same restaurant. One day he called the waiter to him, and said:

"John, instead of tipping you every day I'm going to give you a lump sum at the end of every month. It will be more convenient for me."

"Thank you, sir," answered the waiter. "But, I wonder if you'd mind paying me in advance?"

"Well, that's rather a strange request," returned the customer. "However, here's a couple of dollars. I suppose you are rather hard up for money just now? Or is it that you don't trust me?"

"Oh, no, sir!" smiled John, slipping the money into his pocket. "Only, I'm leaving here to-day!"

Will he get to your Customer first?

Certainly not—if you use Long Distance, but can you afford the risk of delaying?

We now handle considerably over one million Long Distance calls a month—because they enable merchants, big and little, to get results immediately.

Statistical authorities tell us that nowhere are the advantages of Long Distance more thoroughly appreciated than in Ontario and Quebec.

Is there anything so quick and dependable?

Who are the customers you could sell today if you could reach them? Call them by Long Distance before your Competitor does!

THE BELL TELEPHONE COMPANY OF CANADA

Each new subscriber adds to the value of YOUR Telephone

FATTENING POULTRY FOR THANKSGIVING

There is no bird for the family table that equals the turkey. With the Canadian Thanksgiving so early, however, few turkeys are ready for that festival, and yet some of the early birds might better be prepared for this market than held until Christmas and New Year's, picking out the largest ones, and giving them a week or two's special feed. Confine the birds for fattening in yards (not in crates), and give a mash of ground grains mixed with milk, twice a day. Feed just as much as will be cleaned up. If it is not convenient to confine the largest birds, it will do no harm to feed the whole flock the same feed and take out those that are fit for the Thanksgiving trade, leaving the others for later marketing.

Geese and ducks also will be used to a certain extent for thanksgiving, but in all probobility well-grown cockerels will be used more than anything else, and there are not many delicacies more appreciated than a well-fleshed cockerel. But it must be FLESHED. It also costs less to have a plump, juicy and tender bird than it does to have a thin, dry and tough one. Crate feeding puts on the flesh, and now is the time to see about it. Two or three weeks' feeding make a big difference though a longer time is better.

It costs much more per pound to grow th frame than it does to put the flesh on after it is there. To grow the frame costs anywhere from 10 to 20 cents per pound, depending upon the birds and the way they ar fed., but by crate-feeding the bird for a few weeks before killing, a pound of flesh can be added for from 6 to 12 cents.

In experiments conducted at the Experimental Farm at Ottawa, it took but 2½ pounds of dry mash mixed with buttermilk to make a pound of meat, and the cheapest combination of feed was equal parts oats, corn and buckwheat, all finely ground. This was fed twice a day, just enough for the birds to quickly clean up.

Good strong, healthy birds, weighing 4 to 6 pounds are suitable, and best returns come from the American breeds. Care must be taken that birds are healthy and free from lice—a good dusting of insect powder should be applied before putting into crates. They also should have a 24 hour fast before the first feed. This is essential if the birds are to be kept in condition throughout the feeding period. Another necessary precaution is to restrict the feed for the first two or three days, until the birds become accustomed to the confinement, after which they may have all they will eat twice a day. A dose of Epsom salts in the first feed, 1 pound to 100 birds, helps to keep them in good condition during the feeding period.

A slatted crate is best, but a packing box may be made over to do. Even an empty stall in the stable is better than nothing. But keep the birds clean and give them plenty of fresh air without draughts.

It never pays to market birds without the finishing, but it does pay to get birds that are ready off your hands early. Usually there is a better price, for a limited number, at Thanksgiving than at Christmas, and to put some on the market then helps to keep up the price later in the season.

No Hero After All.

He had risked his life to rescue the fair maid from a watery grave, and, of course, her father was duly grateful.

"Young man," he said, "I can never thank you sufficiently for your heroic act. You incurred an awful risk in saving my only daughter."

"None whatever, sir," replied the amateur lifesaver; "I am already married."—Chicago News.

Would Have a Brogue.

The Victim—"And is this real Irish lace?"

The Clerk—"Madam, if that lace could talk it would be with a brogue."

DOMINION OF CANADA
VICTORY LOAN BONDS
MATURING 1st NOVEMBER, 1924

THE BANK OF MONTREAL, under authority of the Minister of Finance, is prepared to redeem the above bonds in full at maturity, without charge, at any of its Branches in Canada.

For the convenience of owners of the bonds, the Bank of Montreal will accept the bonds at any time prior to November 1st, and will make payment in each case on November 1st, either by issuing a cheque or by placing the amount to the owner's credit in the books of the Bank, as the owner may desire.

THE BELL TELEPHONE COMPANY OF CANADA

To the Stockholders :—

For the first nine months of the present year we have had a net gain in telephones in service of 37,600, as compared with 35,389 for the same period in 1923.

Our Long Distance business continues to indicate the growing use of this service for both business and social purposes. Revenue from this source shows a substantial increase over the same period of 1923.

This steady development is in line with the record of previous years. It emphasizes the obvious fact that the basis of demand for telephone service is continually broadening, quite irrespective of growth in population. Rerults for the great army of telephone users are constantly arising from artizans and householders who, but a short time ago, were not regarded as possible subscribers.

OUR SHAREHOLDERS.

To increase, from time to time, the number of stockholders is not only to encourage thrift, but to broaden the financial foundations of your company and extend the market for desirable securities.

The continuous growth of the telephone business provides an attractive opportunity for investment of capital to extend the facilities of the system. It is the well-established policy of your company to secure its capital requirements as economically as possible and to keep its financial structure on a sound basis. To this end a portion of the new capital is borrowed by means of bonds, some is secured through capital stock investment by its shareholders, and from re-invested reserves and surplus earnings.

By revenues which provide a margin for safety, making a possible dividend which keeps the stock attractive to investors, the securities of your company are given a rating which enables it to obtain its borrowed capital on most favorable terms. The net result is that total capital charges are kept as low as practicable with the best interests of the shareholders and the telephone-using public in view.

Of the total of 11,250 shareholders, 5,503 are women.

It is of interest to note the proportion in which the shares of your company are held by investors. As of June 30th our records show :—

1 to 5 shares—3,874 shareholders.
6 to 10 shares—2,566 shareholders.
11 to 25 shares—2,659 shareholders.
26 to 99 shares—1,697 shareholders.
100 shares and over — 464 shareholders.

L. B. McFARLANE,
President.

History or Legend?

One of the features of the great historical pageant of Devon at Torquay, was the use, in one scene, of the identical set of bowls with which Drake was playing when the Armada came in sight. These bowls are among the treasures of Torquay Museum.

There are people, however, who doubt their authenticity, or rather, the truth of the famous anecdote of Drake and his celebrated game on Plymouth Hoe. There is no contemporary account of the incident, which was described for the first time in Britain in an eighteenth century book. It is mentioned, however, in a Spanish political pamphlet published in 1624.

Quite Likely.

"When I was once in danger from a lion," said the explorer, "I tried sitting down and staring at him, as I had no weapons."

"How did it work?" asked his companion.

"Perfectly. The lion didn't even offer to touch me."

"Strange! How do you account for it?"

"Well, sometimes I've thought it was because I sat on the top branch of a very tall tree."

The Explanation.

At one of the many complimentary dinners given to Sir Harry Lauder on his recent world tour, he created roars of laughter by telling a story concerning an old Scottish woman who was bitterly opposed to the introduction of an organ in the kirk.

One day she particularly and loudly expressed her dislike of the singing of an anthem, remarking that she "didna hold wi' these new-fangled notions."

"Why, granny," remarked the minister soothingly, "that anthem is a most ancient one. It is from the Psalms, and may be the very one that David sang to Saul."

"I shouldna wonder," drily remarked the old lady. "I shouldna wonder at a'. That wad explain why Saul threw his javelin at David when the laddie sang before him."

SHIPS THAT GO UPSTAIRS.

Sail Through a Meadow Twenty or Thirty Miles Inland.

A person who saw a 5,000-ton ship sailing apparently straight through a meadow twenty or thirty miles inland would probably rub his eyes in amazement.

Yet this is a common sight near the Manchester Ship Canal. A Lascar cook can be seen working in his galley while a few yards away, on the bank, a farmer is ploughing. Sailors of all nationalities lean over the ship's side and stare at the heart of the countryside.

The Ship Canal is a narrow lane of water from the mouth of the Mersey to Manchester, a distance of thirty-five miles. As it is cut through a plain, the Manchester end is only seventy feet above the level at its mouth.

As a constant depth of water must be maintained, the canal is divided by locks into five sections, like the steps of a stairs. Going inland, the level of each section is from fourteen to sixteen feet higher than the previous one.

If the water were allowed to run straight through without these interruptions, it would soon drain away and the canal would be too shallow. Hence the locks.

At each of the locks a ship is lifted up from fourteen to sixteen feet. The locks are long chambers, at each end of which is a heavy wooden gate with double doors.

A ship coming up the canal is faced at each lock with a wall of water, which is kept back by the upper gates of the lock. The lower gates will be open and the ship passes through into the narrow chamber of the lock.

The lower gates of the lock are closed behind her by machinery. She is now in a watertight compartment. If the water from the higher level in front of her is let into the compartment, the ship will be raised up and able to continue her journey on the higher level when the gate in front of her is opened.

When the ship entered the lock her decks were well below the level of the lock walls. As the water comes in, the ship rises rapidly, until the men on deck are looking down on the lock attendants. The gates are opened in front, and the boat passes on her way.

Large ships are usually accompanied by two tugs, which creep into the lock with their charge. One goes in front to pull and the other hangs on behind to help steer the boat by keeping her end-on. If the ship's stern were allowed to swing across the canal it would be difficult to get her to go straight again, as there is so little room for steering.

When there is a heavy wind, the rear tug is all the more necessary to keep the boat straight against it. Strange, though it may sound, a strong westerly wind will raise a choppy sea in the canal. The spray often beats over the quays at the end of the waterway.

On several occasions, heavy rowing boats have been wrecked by bad weather in the canal.

The Stethoscope.

Sir William Hale White, president of the Royal Society of Medicine, recently expressed the opinion that "nothing that doctors do has seized the popular imagination more than their habit of tapping the chest and listening to it with a stethoscope." Medical men in their investigations have found that this tapping of the chest is a quite remote custom. A book written in Latin in 1761 recorded the fact that the chest of a healthy person when tapped yielded a note "like the stifled sound of a drum covered with a thick cloth."

A French physician, Laennec, is said to have made the first use of the stethoscope. For years he was the victim of ill-health and family troubles, but after the Battle of Waterloo he made public the discovery that it was possible to listen to a person's chest with a stethoscope. He also wrote a book telling of all the human ailments it was possible to detect by means of this instrument. Sir William Hale White says that from this book arose the physician's habit of asking patients to pronounce certain words like "ninety-nine" when examining the chest. These words are produced in the larynx, and are suitable sounds when carried through the chest to help the physician to obtain confirmatory evidence of his tapping.

Halloween.

The celebration of Halloween dates back to antiquity. It was a holiday combining classic mythology, Druidic beliefs and superstitions of that far-away time. The change to a social anniversary was gradual and finally became a recognized time for general merriment.

She Wanted 'Em Specific.

Tillie Clinger says the reason she didn't last long as salesgirl at the jewelry counter was because when a man came in and said he wanted something nice for his baby she asked him if his baby was a boy, a girl or a chicken.—Dallas News.

Empire Cafe
OPPOSITE CAMPBELL HOUSE

WE MAKE A SPECIALTY OF CATERING FOR PARTIES, LARGE OR SMALL

SPECIAL DINNERS
11.30 a.m., Till 2 p.m.

A la carte at all hours.
Ladies' afternoon tea served each afternoon.
Chinese and American dishes.
ICE CREAM PARLOR. CANDIES.

GEO. CHOW, - Proprietor.

Headquarters for
Genuine Ford Parts

A complete stock Dominion Cord and Fabric Tires.
Regular Grey and Royal Tubes—the cheapest in the long run.
Batteries for all cars.
WILLIARD BATTERY SERVICE STATION
General Garage Repairs and Painting.
Hard Rubber and Cushion Tires for buggies.
'Phone calls receive prompt attention.

Graham's = Garage
'Phone 218. DUNDAS ST., EAST P. O. Box 567.

Mediterranean Was Once Whole World

"EMPRESS OF SCOTLAND" AT FUNCHAL MADEIRA

WAILING PLACE OF JEWS IN JERUSALEM

IN PICTURESQUE ALGIERS

The Mediterranean was once the whole world from a marine standpoint; to-day it is but a small part of the marine world, but when the traveller of this century passes through the strait of Gibraltar and makes a tour of the gateway ports covering Algeria, Greece, Turkey, Syria, Palestine, Egypt, Italy and Monaco he has visited the very birthplace of the world and seen most of the things he has longed to see from early youth. Wanderlust is in every breast, young and old, and to-day the world is on the march, seeing strange peoples and visiting places looming large on History's pages. "Have you looped the loop around the Mediterranean?" is a phrase much in vogue, and each year thousands of wanderlust folk are able to say "Yes!" and wish that they were going to loop the same old loop again.

The "Empress of Scotland," if a big steamship of 25,000 tons gross register and 37,500 tons displacement, could be interviewed, would say that she was departing on her fourth annual cruise of the Mediterranean from New York on Feb. 9, 1925, and that although she could find her way around in the dark she would much prefer daylight so that she would not miss any of the wonderful scenery of the Mediterranean. Passengers on the "Empress" will see Madeira, then drop in to pay a call upon Lisbon, Portugal, as well as another call upon Cadiz, Spain, with Seville as a side trip. Gibraltar, the famous "Rock" next gets the once over. and then Algiers, capital of the French colony of Algeria is visited. Athens, Greece, Constantinople and the Bosphorus are next, and when the ship visits Beyrout and Haifa all the famous places of the Holy Land are within a short distance of the vessel. "The storied Nile" awaits the "Empress" and 12 days are spent in seeing the cities of Alexandria and Cairo, the Pyramids, the Sphinx, etc.; then Naples, Pompeii, Rome, Monaco, Cherbourg, Southampton and other places. One can see a lot in 62 days in and about this cradle of civilization, and that's the job of the big oil-burning "Empress of Scotland," the largest vessel in the whole Canadian Pacific fleet.

FAT MAN AND THE CABBY.

Stories by an Englishwoman In Politics.

Mrs. J. Borden Harriman in "From Pinafores to Politics" tells some good stories.

A Captain Robinson, who was of such ponderous size that he was described as being "as wide as a doorway," once arrived at London Docks late for a dinner party. He rushed ashore and asked a cabby: "Will you take me to the Savoy for a shilling?" "Yes," answered the cabby, eyeing his shape and size, "if you get in quick and the horse doesn't see you."

Mrs. Harriman's memories include a story of Mark Twain, whom she met in Bermuda. The newspapers in America criticized him for playing on the golf links with a noted capitalist. "What ails them?" Mark Twain asked. "Of course his money is tainted! It is twice tainted; it 'tain't yours and it 'tain't mine."

The best story the authoress heard in Paris was one told of Scapa Flow. A German sailor, at the handing over of the German fleet, is recorded to have said as he shipped on to a British vessel, "This is what I think of your fleet and your Admiral Beatty," and he promptly spat into the sea. A British seaman retorted quietly, "It doesn't matter much what you think of our fleet or of Admiral Beatty, but be careful whose ocean you're spitting into."

One day in Paris the authoress met the daughter of Lord Derby, the British Ambassador, and had occasion the next day to send her a note, but did not know what title to give her. She asked the clerk at the hotel bureau. "Don't know," he said. "What about Miss Derby?" said the authoress. "Sounds likely," said he. She therefore wrote, "Dear Miss Derby."

A voice telephoned from the Embassy next day saying very distinctly, and very chillingly, it seemed: "Lady—Victoria—Primrose is very sorry, etc."

What made the mistake worse for the authoress was the fact that some time later the story of the incident was recounted with much gusto more than once in her presence. "I used to laugh louder than the rest," Mrs. Harriman writes, "sometimes because I did find the story amusing and sometimes because I thought it was just as well everybody didn't guess that I was the bumpkin."

The authoress mentions that, when her engagement to be married was announced, an elderly friend said, "I give you one receipe for happiness with your husband—mutual consideration and a good cook." Her father's advice was even more worldly: "If you want to hold your husband never nag him. And never ask him questions, because if he wants you to know he will tell you, and if he doesn't perhaps he will lie."

The authoress met the late Lord Northcliffe in Paris.

"The last time I saw him," she writes, "we were lunching together at the Ritz. He had come into Paris from Fontainebleau, very nervous and ill. He pointed to a girl coming down the room. 'That girl should be in the Cabinet. She's going to run for Parliament and I am going to help get her in.' It was Christabel Pankhurst. As she passed our table he sprang up, and they had a great palaver about elections and by-elections and her certain good fortune."

UNDESIRABLE ALIENS.

Some Manage to Get Into England Through Crooks' Gate.

Scores of thousands of "crooks," male and female, are on the official black lists circulated among the aliens officers and other officials concerned at all British ports.

Regularly, month after month, some of these listed criminals try to slip through from the Continent and land in England. How many succeed is unknown. But that the total number is only a small percentage of the failures is certain. The latest figures available show that, in twelve months, just three short of two thousand crooks were refused admittance to the country.

Until recently, of the numerous crooks' gates into this country the favorite was Dover. In one year, seven hundred and ninety-three crooks got the order to "About turn!—and get!" within five minutes of disembarking from the boat that brought them there. The other favorite crooks' gates, in order of popularity, are Folkestone, London, Newhaven, and Southampton, at which latter port one hundred and twenty undesirables were turned back in a year.

Nearly all these undesirables are, of course, aliens, and it comes as a very great shock to most of them when the aliens officer at the dock politely but firmly intimates that he knows the life history of the individual concerned from A to Z. In no circumstances will he be allowed to set foot in the street that runs by the dock gate. No, he must get on to the boat again and go back whence he came.

After a great deal of plotting and planning, of covering up one's movements, and doubling in one's tracks for perhaps a month or two somewhere on the continent where one is unknown, it naturally would come as a shock to find oneself expected among the arrivals at a British port.

It is all due to a complicated but most efficient espionage system all over the world, in which vice-consuls and consuls do their share in noting and immediately reporting on, the movements of all doubtful characters in their immediate neighborhoods.

The facts so gathered are sorted and tabulated, and so the black list at the British ports is kept up-to-date. Arrivals and departures of crooks are entered thereon methodically and punctiliously—which explains how an incident such as the following is possible.

Newhaven was the gate chosen some weeks ago by a crook grown weary of the Continent. He arrived on the boat from Havre, after some rapid and "twisty" travelling in France, and was astounded by the warmth of the welcome he received from the aliens officer the moment he moved down the gangway at Newhaven. That "gate" was shut irrevocably in his face. He decided to try another. He travelled back to Havre, caught a boat for Southampton, and a few hours later disembarked there.

He was too astounded even to curse when the Southampton aliens officer waved in his face a lengthy telegram—a precis of the unwanted crook's reception some hours previously at Newhaven.

There are no restrictions on anyone landing in the Irish Free State, neither is there anything to hinder the hundreds of crooks who might choose that gateway into England from using it. Arrivals from the Irish Free State are not interfered with in any way—hence the increasing popularity of the crooks' Irish gate.

New Alloy Resists Corrosion.

Possessing the color and appearance of nine-carat gold, a new alloy recently exhibited in England also has the property of resisting corrosion from chemical fumes or sea water. It has the ductility and malleability of its precious counterpart and a tensile strength of 20 tons per square inch. It may be rolled, drawn, wrought or cast.

Job Printing

The equipment in our Job Department is absolutely the best procurable. We have everything necessary for the production of High-Class Printing of every description, and can give you prompt delivery.

All our work absolutely guaranteed.

ROUND 4
SALES BOOK FIGHT

WE ARE SETTING THE PRICES OF SALES BOOKS IN CANADA

Books are now selling at 75% below former rates.

Single Carbon Leaf Books 2¼c. each.
Carbonized Duplicate Books 2½c. each.

Open bottom Styles—Standard size and quality. Folded Styles at slightly higher rates. Prices listed are for 1000 books, lower rates on larger quantities.

E. J. POLLARD, Agent for
McCASKEY SYSTEMS LIMITED,
Counter Check Books, GALT, ONTARIO.

We also handle Loose Leaf Ledgers and all supplies necessary for Loose Leaf Systems.

THE EXPRESS PRINTING HOUSE,
John Street,
Napanee, - Ontario.

Stern British Law

At Wandsworth Prison, England, recently, Pierre Jean Vaquier was obliged, in the words of Oscar Wilde, to

"Stand in hempen band
Upon a scaffold high;
And through a murderer's collar take
His last look at the sky."

The crime for which Vaquier was hanged was an unusual one. To many thousands of people the evidence failed in completeness. They believed that the crown had failed to prove its case, and to the number of 70,000 in both England and France they signed, a petition praying that the hanging might not take place. Among those who signed was Premier Herriot of France, who enrolled himself as a private citizen among the subscribers. Though the Home Secretary is a member of a Government nearly all of whose members are opposed to capital punishment he refused to intervene, and Vaquier went to his doom. It is reported that his last words were "Vive la France!"

In an article in the New York World discussing the crime, the story is told of a Southern judge who always charged juries in murder cases that their first duty was to determine the question, "Should the deceased have went?" If the jury came to the conclusion that the deceased had been properly murdered, that he was the sort of person who might reasonably be expected to be murdered, it acquitted the accused. Indeed, there was nothing but acquittals in murder cases tried by this learned judge. We are all aware of the tendency in the United States to place the victim on trial, to blacken his character, and thus excite sympathy for the murderer. That was done successfully in the case of such a brilliant, useful man as Stanford White whom the degenerate Thaw wantonly murdered. It was done not long ago in New York when a notorious thug, "Kid Dropper," was murdered in the presence of several police officers by another thug named Louis Cohen. Cohen escaped with a sentence of manslaughter, and Judge Talley told the jurymen that their verdict would encourage murderers.

The Vaquier hanging was the culmination of one of the familiar triangle affairs. He was the lover of the abused wife. His victim was the brutal husband, a man who surely should "have went" according to all ordinary standards. The husband was a Byfleet innkeeper named Poynter Jones, who was rarely sober, and who was being pursued by creditors. He was an ex-soldier, and when he set up in a public house after the war acted on the principle that if he did not drink his own wares nobody else would. His wife, at a time when creditors were peculiarly persistent, took a trip to the south of France. There she met Pierre Jean Vaquier, a Frenchman of unusual gifts who had made a name for himself as an inventor. What there was about Mrs. Poynter Jones to attract the passionate regard of a man like Vaquier is not disclosed by her photograph nor is it revealed in her conduct after the murder. But that Vaquier fell immediately in love with her and from that moment to the time of the murder thought of nothing but his love for her is a fact amply proved.

At first the wandering Englishwoman and the ardent Frenchman were unable to interchange a word. Vaquier had to make his piteous plight known by means of the sign language. He also said it with flowers in most ornate periods. He showered the woman with attentions such as she never before had experienced. Gradually she learned a little French and he a little English and they were able to converse. Mrs. Poynter Jones appeared to return his passion. They became lovers, and enjoyed some delirious weeks. Then the time came when the creditors were temporarily appeased or baffled, and the summons came for the wife to return to her spouse. Vaquier instead of welcoming this commonplace end to the affair which most philanderers would have hailed with decently concealed satisfaction, declared that life without her was impossible. He would return with her to England, he Pierre Jean Vaquier. So back the woman went to the Blue Anchor Hotel, and Vaquier followed her. He became a boarder, and the pair carried on their affair under the truculent but unobservant eye of the landlord.

Vaquier, a tender-hearted, impulsive Frenchman, was driven to desperation by the ill-treatment which the woman received from her husband. She was abused and insulted daily, and made to toil like a slave while Jones drank himself into a state of stupefaction. Every night he drank until he was helpless and then had to be hoisted up to his bed. About noon the next day he would totter down stairs to take a powder which would brace him up until the time came for his drinking bout. One morning when he took his powder, he did not brace up. Instead he fell to the floor in convulsions and presently died. An autopsy showed that he had taken strychnine. Then came the unexpected turn: The woman denounced her lover to the police. He was arrested and tried. He denied his guilt and it is said that being unable properly to understand English he gave some fatal answers in ignorance. At any rate, he was hanged, while the sorrowing wife received numerous offers of marriage from gentlemen who believed that they alone had the secret of making her happy.

Kept Guessing.

Two young men bowed to a young lady. She gave them a little smile and passed on.

Said one: "That girl always gives you a peculiar look when you meet her. At least, so I think. Am I wrong?"

"No," said the other. "I think you are right."

"What is it all about?"

"I'll tell you. At a party five years ago I almost kissed her. I don't know whether she is laughing at me or not."

BARGAIN!

A much abused word---But no other fits the Values we are offering this week-end.

Exorbitant profits are strangers here.
Come in and let us show you.

LADIES' FLANNELETTE NIGHT GOWNS

Long sleeves, V neck, high neck or square neck. Special for Friday and Saturday each.............. $1.19

LADIES' SILK AND WOOL HOSE

These Hose are of fine quality and all first quality in all the leading shades. Special for Friday and Saturday, per pair .95

LADIES' CHAMOISETTE GLOVES

Just an ideal glove for everyday wear. We are putting a limited quantity on the counters for Friday and Saturday at per pair.................... .49

MEN'S SWEATER COATS

In Brown and Fawn, all wool, sizes 36 to 44. There are only ten coats in the lot. Special for Friday and Saturday $3.50

DRESS FLANNEL

54 in. wide in Grey, Navy, Sand, Doe, Powder Blue, Marigold, Peacock and Red. Special for Friday and Saturday, per yard.................. $1.49

MEN'S HEAVY WORK SOCKS

All wool in Grey mixture, a regular 50c. hose. We will sell 5 dozen on Friday and Saturday at..... 5 PAIRS FOR $1.00

CUPS AND SAUCERS

Just arrived, a shipment of English Cups and Saucers with a blue flower, also a gold grape pattern. We will give you on Friday and Saturday, 7 Cups and Saucers for................ $1.00

ALUMINUM BARGAINS

Double lipped Saucepans........	.79
Covered Saucepan............	$1.15
Percolator, Colonial pattern.....	1.49
Tea Pots, Colonial pattern......	1.49
Dish Pans, large size..........	1.49
Round Roasters.............	1.59
Dippers	.45
Pie Plates	.25
Mixing Bowls	.49
Potato Pots, Colonial pattern....	1.49

CHINA BARGAINS

Fruit sets, 7 pieces..........	.79
Fruit Bowls...............	.50
Fruit Bowls	.39
Cake Plates	.50
Cake Plates	.75

'PHONE 359 McINTOSH BROS. NAPANEE BRANCH

A FAMOUS FUGITIVE.

Anthony Burns Lies In Old Cemetery at St. Catharines.

An appeal has been made for the decent marking and preservation of the resting place of the most famous fugitive slave ever entering Canada, Anthony Burns, who is buried in the old cemetery at St. Catharines, Ont. Over his grave there was erected a modest stone bearing the dates of his birth, in 1834, and his death, in 1862. This stone now lies in fragments, and only the loving care given to the grave by members of his own race in St. Catharines have kept the spot from being entirely grown over and forgotten. In an interesting account of the stirring events which made Burns a national figure for a time the London Free Press recalls how on the passing of the Fugitive Slave Act in 1850 Burns was living in Boston, having escaped from his owner in Virginia the previous year. He was arrested, taken, manacled, to the Federal court-room. Court proceedings would have been over in a few minutes had not some Boston abolitionists strayed into the room and proceeded to set up a defence for the negro.

Boston at large soon learned of what was going on, and a mass meeting was held in Faneuil Hall. Inflammatory speeches were delivered by Wendell Phillips and Theodore Parker. There was a rush to the Court House where Burns was confined. The door was broken in, one man was killed, others injured. Two companies of artillery finally cleared the streets. The trial of Burns was resumed with soldiers on guard everywhere. The judge decreed that the negro must be sent back to his owner. A large body of city police and no fewer than 22 companies of State militia guarded the streets through which the fugitive must be taken on his way from the jail to the harbor. The streets were cleared of people by troops of cavalry. The city was under martial law.

At the appointed hour the procession left the jail. It was made up of a battery of artillery, a platoon of United States marines, the marshal's civil posse of 125 men guarding the fugitive, two platoons of marines as a guard to the field piece. Fifty thousand people stood with bared heads and hissed and groaned and cried "shame" as the procession passed. All this military display was for one lone, friendless negro, who passed by somewhat as Marie Antoinette had sat in a cart and passed through a mob in Paris streets sixty odd years before. The fugitive was taken to the wharf and was soon on a revenue cutter sailing toward Virginia.

Within a few months Burns was purchased by money raised by Boston sympathisers, who sent him to Oberlin College. Finding that the life of even a free negro was strewn with snares, Burns migrated to Canada in 1860, and became pastor of Zion Baptist Church in St. Catharines, where he labored faithfully until his death in that city in 1862.

Cause of Earthquakes.

Modern geological science holds that earthquakes are due to "faulting." "Faults" are breaks in the strata of the earth's surface, the broken edges slipping past each other so that the same rock is found at different levels on opposite sides of the fault. These breaks create weak places in the earth's crust, and from time to time more slipping occurs. When this happens, an earthquake of greater or less violence is the result.

NORWAY HOUSE, MAN.

TRADING POST OF HUDSON BAY COMPANY.

One of the Most Interesting Place-Names In the Province of Manitoba —Norwegian Convicts Imported as Axemen In 1814.

One of the most interesting place-names in the Province of Manitoba, says R. Douglas, in the Montreal Star, is Norway House. Still a trading post of the Hudson Bay Company, Norway House, was the headquarters of the company after the union with the rival North West Company in 1821. From its situation near the outlet of Lake Winnipeg, it was a busy place in the heydey of the fur trade, as many as 167 freight boats having passed it in one season, bound inland or, northward to Hudson Bay.

The rivers and lakes between Lake Winnipeg and Hudson Bay are open for navigation for a comparatively short season. After weighing the matter for a year or two, the directors of the Hudson Bay Company decided in 1814 to construct a road between the lake and the bay in the belief that more goods could be carried by horse and sleigh in the winter than by boat in the summer. Governor Thomas, stationed at York Factory, was so informed in April. It was intended that the road should be on the ice of the lakes and rivers as much as possible, only leaving the ice to avoid long bends and obstructions.

First of all a chain of posts would have to be established within a moderate distance of each other to accommodate those employed in the winter transportation. It was calculated that the distance from York Factory to Lake Winnipeg could be covered in 18 days by a loaded two-horse sleigh, and that five intermediate posts would be necessary. To build the road, Thomas was informed, Norwegian expert axemen were being sent out.

The Norwegians reached York Factory, Hudson Bay, in the summer of 1814. Some, if not all, seem to have come from Norwegian prisons. Writing of them in the following year, Thomas has the following: "The habits of indolence which the Norwegians had acquired during a long confinement in prison and of which they gave evident proofs before they left London, have not been changed since their arrival here. It was with the greatest difficulty that they were prevailed upon to use the exertion necessary on their journey inland last fall, and since that time Mr. Sutherland has endeavored in vain to make them work. They have cleared and brought into cultivation only two acres of land." Thomas goes on to mention their complaints about their food and adds, "The corn (barley and buckwheat), will not come to maturity this season at the outlet of Lake Winnipeg."

Lake Winnipeg is drained by Nelson river, which almost at once expands into Playgreen lake, the separating strip of land between the two lakes being a peninsula jutting out from the west. Just below Playgreen lake, about 25 miles from Lake Winnipeg, the Nelson river is joined by a small tributary coming from the east, known as Jack river from the number of jack pike caught in it.

To a post of the Hudson Bay Company hereabouts, under pressure of the forces of the hostile North West Company, some sixty Red River settlers, led by Archibald McDonald, retreated temporarily in June, 1815. They stopped their journey, however, at the peninsula above referred to, reaching the end of the peninsula on Monday, July 10. The entry in McDonald's journal for that day reads: "Got to the North Wagen's place in the morning." The settlers went ashore here with their supplies, and here they stayed till their return to Red River later in the year.

The curious phrase, "the North Wagen's place," puzzled the writer till he came upon a somewhat similar entry in McDonald's diary for July 16. On that day he speaks of fourteen sturgeon being shared between his people "and the six North Wegens." He had camped at Norwegian or Norway Point where the Norwegian axemen had established themselves for the time being in their road-making operations, and had cleared a "farm" of two acres.

Shortly after this date, the Hudson Bay Company's post at Jack river was moved to the peninsula and, because situated at Norway point, became known as Norway House, a name which it retained when it again moved to the old and present position, some ten years later.

When the settlers reinforced in number, returned to Red River with Colin Robertson in the autumn of 1815, the Norwegians went with them to harvest the crops.

According to Cowie, in "The Company of Adventurers," published in 1913, there must have been more than one contingent of Norwegians. Cowie writes: "Many of the men engaged in Norway were splendid fellows and well adapted for the service, but the agent employed to procure the recruits there appeared to have thought more of the head money allowed for his service to the company than the moral character of the men engaged.

"Tradition avers that the Norwegian authorities got rid of many of their able-bodied convicts by permitting them to be deported as recruits for the Hudson Bay Company's service. On one occasion fifty or sixty of them refused to disembark at York Factory and compelled the ship's company to take them back to Europe. On another occasion others deserted from Moose Factory, and of these the majority perished in the wilds."

Age Symbols.

The philosopher's five signs of age run thus:

When your wife suggests that you go abroad without her.

When you would like to serve on the Grand Jury.

When the trails seem rough, and you would rather fish, anyway.

When you're allowed a second look at the last trick.

When you would like to adopt a forty-year-old daughter.

To complete the half dozen, I will add:

When you begin to make a point of telling everybody how young you feel.

Chaff.

"When I told Jibson that joke," remarked Dobkins to his friend, "he laughed like a horse."

"I had no idea that horses liked jokes," laughed the friend.

"Nevertheless, it is true," said Dobkins. "They all enjoy a bit of 'chaff' now and again."

WILSON'S - HARDWARE

Preserving-Time Necessities

- —Enamel Preserving Kettles.
- —Aluminum Preserving Kettles.
- —Crown and Perfect Seal Fruit Jars.
- —Dominion White Rubber Rings.
- —Metal Screw Tops.
- —Large Aluminum and Enamel Preserving Spoons.
- —Stainless Steel Paring Knives.

D. B. WILSON

'Phone 138.

F. C. MARTIN & SON

FUNERAL DIRECTORS AND UNDERTAKERS

Parlors and Office :
Dundas St., Napanee

A motor ambulance has been purchased and is available when required, **day or night.**

Office Telephone No. 74.
Residence Telephone No. 375

F. C. MARTIN & SON.

Successors to Hambly & Ming.

24-6m

CLEAN-UP

This is the proper season for a general clean-up.

Destroy all rubbish which might cause fires.

Also be sure

YOUR INSURANCE

is ample and in a reliable company.

Consult

HARSHAW & SON
Insurance Agents,
NAPANEE, ONT.

We are now comfortably located in our

NEW STAND ON EAST ST

where we are fully equipped to repair all makes of Automobile Starting, Lighting, and Ignition Systems.

We repair all makes of Batteries.

SPECIAL TO FORD OWNERS—If your generator is burned out we will exchange your old one for a re-built generator (guaranteed for ninety days) for $10.

We are distributors for Napanee and district for the complete line of Fuller products :

Sparta Automobile Batteries.

Radio Block Type A & B Batteries.

Sparta Loud Speakers and Radio Panels.

Headquarters for

RADIO SETS AND SUPPLIES

See our stock before buying elsewhere.

Auto Electric Service Station

E. F. SMITH,

EAST STREET, - NAPANEE.

Phone 370 ; Residence 264.

Official Examiner for Chauffeur's Licenses.

Bring your own can and try DAVY & ALLISON'S special Fly Oil at 75c. per gallon, will not burn or blister.

PIANOS, PHONOGRAPHS, SINGER SEWING MACHINES

1 good slightly used Piano.
1 Radio Set, taken in on a Gerhard-Heintzman Phonograph.
1 Ford Coach, slightly used.
See the special Phonograph, $85.

H. L. VANLUVEN

Fall Necessities.

Window glass, stove pipes, elbows, ash sifters, coal hods, at
BOYLE & SON'S.

Repairs.

Winter weather requires good boots. Bring in those old ones and have them repaired.
SEYMOUR BROS.,
Near Post Office.

For the Shooting Season.

Dominion ammunition, Crown, Falcon, Canuck, Imperial Long Range American ammunition, expert Western Field, and Supreme X shot shells, also rifle ammunition. WILSON'S HARDWARE.

Auction Sale.

H. W. Gallagher will sell for Pat. McLaughlin, at his farm, lot 16, concession 3, township of Richmond, on Wednesday, November 5th, 1924, all his farm stock, implements, household furniture and farm, five horses, four cows, pigs, binder, mower, horse-rake, wagons, roller, fanning mill, plows, harrow and all the usual implements found on a farm, cook stove, coal stove, wood burners, sideboards, bedsteads, dressers, chairs, tables and other household furniture, crop of corn off three acres, straw, timothy hay, clover hay, oats, also the eighty acre farm, with good buildings, well watered, and eight acres of wood. Usual terms.

VanLuven

LISTEN!

Hear the wonderful things that fill the air about our Coal.

$14.50 per Ton is our price.

You will say you couldn't ask for anything better at any price.

—Since 1886—

"Tune in" on 92.

Vine's Electric Shop

Have that National Grate installed in your mantle, for cool nights and mornings have arrived. Then for the bedroom purchase a Cosy Glow Heater, or Durable Heater, and they will do the trick to give you comfort.

We are prepared to take orders for Strumberg Carlson, Fedral, or in fact any of the good Radio Machines on the market.

Burgess Batteries of all styles.
Fuller Block Batteries.
W. D. 12 and U. V. 201 Tubes.
Distributor for the well-known Westinghouse Radiolas and equipment.
C. G. Electric Motors.
C. G. Electric Farm Lighting Plants.
Lamps, Shades, Fixtures, Washing Machines, Ranges, Irons, Toasters, Curling Tongs, Vacuum Cleaners.
House wiring a specialty.
Repairs promptly done.

Vine's Electric Shop

Market Square, Napanee
'Phone 367.

Dr. Ralph Aylesworth

Eye Specialist, of Trenton

Will be in his office, at Wallace's Drug Store, EACH SATURDAY.

Make your appointments early.

Hours : 9 a.m. till 5 p.m. Write, 'phone or call.

Feed Grinding

On Saturday, Oct. 11th

we opened the well-known

WATER POWER MILLS AT MILLHAVEN

for Custom Grinding.

46

M. R. MIDMER.

GRACE METH. CHURCH

A. J. TERRILL, B.A., B.D., Pastor.

10.00 a. m.—Fellowship and Sacramental Service.
11.45 — Sunday School and Adult Classes.
7.00 p.m.—Public Worship.
Monday, 8 p.m.—League service.
Wednesday, 7.45—Prayer and praise.
Sunday, Nov. 9th—Anniversary Services.
Monday, Nov. 10th—Fowl Supper.

Poultry Fair.

The annual Poultry Fair will be held in Napanee on Wednesday and Thursday, November 26th and 27th.

Basketball.

The final game in the Bay of Quinte League Basketball was played at the Napanee Armouries on Saturday afternoon, between Trenton and Napanee. The visitors were successful in winning the junior game, but were decisively beaten in the senior event, leaving Napanee the champions of the League.

Dr. Huff Dead.

Dr. Wilson Huff, a former resident of Napanee, who has been living in Rome, N.Y., for a long number of years, passed away at his home there on Monday. Dr. Huff was one of the oldest visiting "Old Boys" here at the reunion this summer. Mr. Wesley Huff, of Napanee, is a brother of Dr. Huff's.

A Ten Thousand Dollar Prize List.

Some readers of The Family Herald and Weekly Star of Montreal are going to find tsemselves richer by several thousand dollars some morning. That paper is offering a prize list of $10,000 for those who make the best estimate of the total number of votes to be polled at the next general election in Canada. The right to make an estimate costs nothing. Full particulars will be found in that paper. The Family Herald also offers each subscriber for 1925 a most beautiful art calendar with a very fine picture subject entitled, "The Sale of Old Dobbin." Never in the history of that big weekly have their readers been offered such value. The subscription price is only $2.00 a year for the big 72 page weekly, the best family and farm paper on the Continent.

Amherst Island's Memorial.

On Tuesday afternoon last the memorial consisting of protographs of the boys island veterans and a case containing a number of German rifles and a machine gun was unveiled here by Brig.-General A. E. Ross, M.P., Kingston. The ceremony was attended by practically all of the people who turned out to pay respect to those of the island who gave their lives during the Great War and also those who served. Brief addresses were given by E. J. Sexsmith, M.P., and Warden Milling of Lennox and Addington. The reeve of Amherst Island, H. F. Patterson, had charge of the proceedings. Rev. James Cumberland, now of Kingston, who for years was pastor of the Presbyterian church, told of the history of the island and had something to say about every man whose picture appeared.

Sir Gilbert Parker Will Visit Canada Next Year.

Rt. Hon. Sir Gilbert Parker, Bart., has written Mayor Mikel, of Belleville, that he approves of the publication of the U.E.L. "Book of Remembrance" and says that he would sooner wear the "Mark of Honour" conferred by the Canadian Government by Order-in-Council, November 9th, 1798, on the United Empire Loyalists and their posterity, than even the insignia of his Baronetcy. His letter is as follows :

"I am delighted to know that you are publishing a Book of Remembrance of the United Empire Loyalists, and I hope that its popularity will be very great. As one of the descendants of the United Empire Loyalits I would infinitely rather wear the "Mark of Honor" given the U. E. Loyalists in 1789 than any honour that I have, official or collegiate. I am glad that under your Mayoralty this great celebration has taken place. I hope to see you within a year. Believe me,

Yours sincerely,
"Gilbert Parker."

Adolphustown Women's Institute.

The Adolphustown Women's Institute held their October meeting on Wednesday, 22nd, at the home of Mrs. D. W. Roblin. The President, Mrs. J. S. Johnston, and Vice-President, Mrs. C. F. Curlette, were unavoidably absent and the meeting was presided over by Mrs. C. F. Allison. A substantial sum was put aside of the funds on hand, for the maintenance of the old U.E.L. Cemetery. It was also decided to add more books to the Institute Library. Miss Lillian Carr gave a very excellent paper which was much appreciated. It was pointed out by a member that as our motto is "For Home and Country," we stand for the broadest Canadianism in every sense of the term and in the coming Plebiscite Campaign we women are now able to raise our voices as never before to advocate not only what makes good citizenship and by example and precept strengthen the hands of those in authority and upon whose shoulders such grave responsibilities rest in this great struggle, helping them by our influence ad example to righteously and unswervingly place the Province of Ontario as the "Banner Province," by giving the O.T.A. a handsome majority. Ten dollars was voted the O.T.A. Campaign Fund and the meeting adjourned to meet at the home of Mrs. W. H. Duffett on Wednesday, Nov. 12th, at 2.30 p.m.

Glass !

Bring your glass and putty orders to us. Glazing done at the store.
WILSON'S HARDWARE.

DRY CLEANING

No matter how spotted or soiled your garment is, bring it here and let us tell you what can be done with it.

A complete Cleaning, Dyeing and Tailoring Service, capable of handling with care every problem of renovation and repairing.

JAMES WALTERS,

MERCHANT TAILOR.
NAPANEE

S. MARY MAGDALENE CHURCH

Services of S. Mary Magdalene Church :

Rev. J. H. H. Coleman, M. A., Vicar.

10.30—Holy Communion.
12.00—Sunday School.
7.00—Evening prayer.

Special reference will be made at the evening service to the members of the congregation who have died in the last few years.

Wednesday, 3 p.m.—Annual meeting of W. A. at Mrs. Luke Trumpour's.

Notice.

All accounts due Henry's Bookstore must be paid to Mrs. Henry, at her home, John street, not later than Nov 15th. 48-a

Plough Shares.

Any kind you want ; any number you want. Also repairs for Perrin, Wilkinson and Percival plows. Wagons and plows for sale at

THE M. B. MILLS CO.
47-tf Phone 103.

The Market Grocery.

For a delicious, refreshing cup of tea or coffee, try Thompson's Standard blends. The greatest number of loaves of the best bread is made from Ogilvie's flour. We sell this flour with a guarantee. Save money on groceries by buying the best.
THOMPSON BROS.

Anniversary Services and Fowl Supper.

Selby Methodist Church are making extensive arrangements for their anniversary services and fowl supper on Nov. 2nd and 3rd. Sunday, Nov. 2nd, services will be held at 10.30 a.m. and 7 p.m. Rev. Harrison, of Deseronto, will be the preacher for the day. Then on Monday night, Nov. 3rd, the famous fowl supper, bigger and better than ever.

Chicken roasted, fried and stewed,
Enough to feed a multitude ;
Potatoes and salads all in line,
Cakes and Pies of every kind.

An excellent programme will also be provided

Admission, 50c., children, 25c.

Add Deseronto.

Miss Melissa Brown, of Belleville, and her brother, of Chicago, spent Wednesday with their aunt, Mrs. M. A. Dryden.

Her many friends congratulate Miss Wilma Gordon on her appointment as postmistress of the Oshawa office. Miss Gordon is a town girl and is at present spending a few days with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon, Thomas street.

J. F. Johnston, of the Johnston and Ives general store, has quite recovered from his operation and has returned from the Hotel Dieu, to take up his duties again.

W. Stoddard is spending some weeks with his sister, Miss Margaret Stoddard, St. George street.

Wedding Bells.

On Wednesday last, Oct. 22nd, a very quiet wedding was solemnized at the Selby Methodist Church, when Miss Mary E. B. Wilson, daughter of Mr. Jas. A. Wilson, Napanee, was united in marriage to Mr. Claude W. Nugent, son of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Nugent. Rev. T. H. P. Anderson, pastor of the church, officiated. The bride wore a charming gown of white crepe and was unattended. The popular young couple received an unusually large number of useful presents. The newly wedded couple left immediately on a short trip to Toronto and Hamilton, bearing with them the good wishes of their many friends.

Passed Away at Picton.

Mrs. Margaret Green passed away at her home in Picton on Thursday afternoon of last week, after a lengthy illness. Although her illness extended over quite a lengthy period, she bore it all with patience, fortitude and uncomplaining even unto the end. The remains were laid to rest in Picton cemetery on Saturday aftrnoon. Deceased was aged sixty-seven years. Five children, three sons and two daughters are left to mourn. They are, Frank and Arthur Green, Picton ; Malley, of Point Anne ; Mrs. Maud Polmater, Belleville, and Mrs. John Ruttan, Watertown. Three sisters and two brothers also mourn the demise of a beloved sister, Edward Graham, Napanee ; James Graham, Westport ; Mrs. N. VanAlstyne, Napanee ; Mrs. J. Gates and Mrs. J. Fields, Gretna.

Just to Remind You.

That you may consult Dr. Ray, Specialist, of Belleville, any Friday afternoon, at Campbell House, Napanee, and in doing so you will have at your service the skill and experience of one, whose diagnosis and treatment of obscure errors of vision has been confirmer by eminent specialists, including the Mayo Bros. Clinics.

ST. ANDREWS'
Annual

CONCERT AND BAZAAR

CANTATA
Penitence, Pardon, Peace
Chorus—40 Voices.

Soloists :
Mrs. E. Burritt, Soprano
Mr. Marvin Rathbun, Baritone.
Miss Helen VanLuven, Pianist.
Organist and Conductor, Mrs. J. E. Madden.

ST. ANDREWS' CHURCH
THURSDAY, OCT. 30th
8 o'clock
ADMISSION - 50 CENTS

TRINITY METH. CHURCH

Rev. W. R. Tanton, Pastor.
10.30 a.m.—Morning service.
11.45 a.m.—Sunday School and Bible Classes.
7.00 p.m.—Evening service.
Rev. Dr. Brown, of Holloway street, Belleville, will preach at both services.
Wednesday, 7.45 p.m.—Midweek Prayer and Praise service.

Bullets That Fall Like Rain.

Looking across the Thames to the Surrey side at Waterloo Bridge, says Tit-Bits, there may be seen to the right a huge round tower rising out of a jumbled collection of wharf sheds, and chimney stacks to a height of about 200 feet. This is the shot tower of Walkers, Parker & Co., Ltd., the Lambeth Lead and Shot Works.

The general public knows little of the purpose of this structure, and as a rule regards it as a kind of complicated factory chimney. But it holds the secret of shot-making for sporting cartridges and other purposes.

Briefly described, the process is to drop from different heights hot lead run through a device somewhat like a colander. The falling shot in the course of this process drops into vats of water at the bottom of the tower, and when it is removed it has taken on its spherical form.

The discovery of this method of producing shot in large quantities at high speed has been attributed to a man named Watts, about the year 1787, at Bristol. At all events, it was in the end purchased by Walkers, Parker for £10,000.

The records are to the effect that Watts ascended the tower of St. Mary's Church, Bristol, on a hot day. Overcome by the heat, or some refreshment somewhat more potent, he fell asleep, and in a dream saw himself dropping melted lead to the ground, where it took the form of pellets. Much impressed, he made experiments at home, and the shot tower is the indirect result.

British Guiana.

The physical geography of the three Guianas is much the same. Along the coasts are flat, swampy tracts, with fertile soil. Beyond this the land rises to undulating savannas, behind which are mountainous regions covered with almost impenetrable forests. Vegetation is remarkably rich and luxuriant. Sugar, coffee, rice, cocoa, and grains are cultivated. The forests yield fine timber of several kinds, also rubber, oil, balsams, gums, tonka beans, and nuts. The plumage of the birds is particularly brilliant. Gold and diamonds are produced.

British Guiana has an area of 89,480 square miles, and a population of 296,000. Among the principal exports are coffee, sugar, rum, rice, molasses, timber, silver and gold. The chief towns are Georgetown, the capital, and New Amsterdam.

The climate is tropical, very equable and not unhealthy. The yearly rainfall is subject to marked variations, its mean on the coast lands being 94.4 inches, distributed over 195 days of the year. In the interior the average recorded rainfall is 50.8 inches.

Colors in Accord.

Leonard and Archie were playmates. Archie had red hair and was quite freckled. One day Leonard and his mother were strolling along in the park when Archie came in sight. Leonard turned around to his mother and said: "Say, doesn't Archie's face match his hair today?"

Plain Talking.

A village parson, having in his sermons taken too exalted a pitch for the comprehension of his auditors, found it necessary to make some apology, which he did as follows:

"Respected friends, — My oral documents having recently been the subject of your vituperation, I hope it will not be an instance of vain eloquence or supererogation if I laconically promulgate that, avoiding all syllogistical, aristocratical and peripatetical propositions, all hyperbolical exaggerations and extenuations, whether physically, philosophically, philologically, politically or polemically considered, either in my diurnal peregrinations or nocturnal lucubrations, they shall be definitely and categorically assimilated with, and rendered congenial to, the occiputs, caputs and cerebrums of you, my most superlatively respectable auditory."—From John o' London.

Jamaica was originally named Xaymaca, meaning "Land of Wood and Water."

ST. ANDREWS'

CONCERT AND BAZAAR

Sale of Fancy Work, Bags, Aprons, Candy, and Home-made Food.

Tea served from 4 to 6 p. m.

ST. ANDREWS' CHURCH
THURSDAY, OCT. 30th.

ASSURANCE

THOSE who employ us have the assurance that they will receive the highest degree of service and satisfaction.

We are equipped to handle a commission in a thorough manner. Our services are dependable and polite.

MASTERS & TIERNEY
UNDERTAKERS
FULL MOTOR EQUIPMENT
WALLPAPERS WINDOW SHADES AND MOULDINGS

New Paint Shop.

Mr. Frank Markle has rented the Symington evaporator building at the foot of West street, and is fixing it up for a paint shop for cars, motor boats, furniture, etc. Tops and trimmings of all kinds. Work guaranteed. 5-tf

When Winter Comes.

May it find you fully prepared Our fall lines of Steel Ranges, Quebec Cooks, and Quebec Heaters is now complete. Let us show them to you. Your stove taken in exchange. Stove pipes, elbows, and stove pipe enamel always in stock.
WILSON'S HARDWARE.

WONDERLAND

WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY

One show only at 8 o'clock.

ONE SHOW ONLY AT 8 O'CLOCK

Louisville Divine declares Hutchinson's creatins lay bare life and desires of men as they exist. Praises high ideals. That the story "IF WINTER COMES," A. M. Hutchinson's famous novel, lays bare the souls of men with the unerring skill of a spiritual surgeon, is the opinion of Dr. R. J. Pirkey, pastor of the Broadway Baptist Church, Louisville, Ky., in a sermon recently in which he took as his topic the lesson of "IF WINTER COMES."

Admssion 20c. and 30c. and tax.

Orchestra Wednesday night.

FRIDAY and SATURDAY

One of the oddest and most striking sets recently achieved in motion picturedom is that of the swimming pool and "Neptune's Court," which was constructed for "LYING LIPS," Thomas H. Ince's great drama of ife and love.

Also a good comedy.

MONDAY and TUESDAY

G. B. Samuelson presents "THE KNOCKOUT," the big English sporting melodrama with Lillian and Rex Davis. The latest sport film from England.

Also a good Comedy.

GEO. TUSTIN, Prop.

Make sure it's VanLuven's Coal, $14.50.

Glasses That Make It Clear

It's a medical fact that nothing dulls the comprehension as strained eyesight.

Lassitude and nervousness often are the result of impaired vision.—For that reason and others you should have your eyes examined here and properly fitted.

DR. LEWIS, Eyesight Specialist

Above Wallace's Drug Store.

Hours: 9.30 a. m. to 8 p. m. Every Day.

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DAVIS

Your Butcher

Starting Oct. 20th for a Selling Drive to celebrate our Third Anniversary

Just Six Days ! Let's Go !

Round Steak, per lb.......	**18c.**
Sirloin Steak, per lb.......	**18c.**
T Bone Steak, per lb.......	**20c.**
Hamburg Steak, 2 lbs. for..	**25c.**
Prime Roasts of Beef, per lb.	**12½c., 15c., 20c.**

Smoked Sides, Fresh Pork,
Smoked Backs, Spring Lamb,
Smoked Hams, Cooked Meats,

The Best Quality
At the Lowest Price.

Try our Wiltshire Bacon
(machine sliced)

Home-made Sausage, per lb.	**10c.**
Little Pork Sausage, per lb.	**20c.**

(These sausage are made on the premises from the recipes of an expert).

Corned Beef, Pickled Pork and Ox Tongues to order

Bologna Sausage, per lb...	**15c.**
Choice Stew Beef, per lb..	**10c.**

Bring Your Maturing Victory Bonds to Us.

BANKING FIFTY YEARS

HOLDERS of Victory Bonds maturing on November the first, next, will find it profitable and convenient to convert them at this Bank. We are prepared to pay cash for such bonds of any denomiuation, and suggest that for the sake of safety, simplicity and convenience you deposit your maturing bonds to your credit in a Standard Bank Savings Account.

THE STANDARD BANK OF CANADA

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BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO
(57TH YEAR)

This College is famed throughout America for its thorough training in Book-keeping, Accountancy, Stenography, Typewriting and all commercial subjects. Thousands of successful graduates prove the superiority of our work.

Write for free prospectus.

I. L. MOORE, Principal,

dec-23

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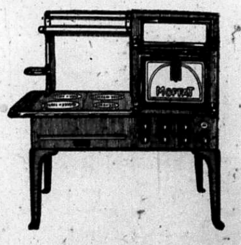
Ask the Woman who uses one

Hydro Shop



A Bargain in Newspapers !

An Opportunity to Win $5,000

A Beautiful Art Calendar Free

THE NAPANEE EXPRESS has concluded an arrangement with The Family Herald and Weekly Star of Montreal by which we can offer the greatest bargain ever given to newspaper readers.

The offer includes a full year's subscription to both papers, an art calendar with a most beautiful picture subject ready for framing, and an opportunity to win a prize of $5,000 cash.

In the Federal Election of 1921 there were 3,119,306 votes cast out of a total of 4,435,310 names on the voters list.

How many votes will be polled in the next Federal Election ?

The Family Herald and Weekly Star are offering Ten Thousand Dollars in 94 prizes for the best estimates, and our arrangement with the publishers of that great weekly gives every EXPRESS subscriber an opportunity to make an estimate and perhaps win the capital prize of $5,000. Some person will win. Why should it not be you ?

READ THIS BARGAIN

The EXPRESS costs $1.50 per year.

The Family Herald and Weekly Star costs $2.00 per year.

We now offer a full year's subscription to both papers, including a copy of The Family Herald Art Calendar and the right to make one estimate in The Family Herald's Election Contest.

ALL FOR $2.80

Estimates must be made at time of subscribing, and no changes will be permitted afterwards.

ORDER NOW AT THIS OFFICE

The Napanee Express.

To W. J. SHANON, ESQ.,
Treasurer of the County of Lennox and Addington :

County of Lennox and Addington,
TO WIT :

The lists of lands liable to be sold for arrears of taxes in the year 1924 showing the amount due against each lot or parcel of land set opposite to the same, having been submitted to me in duplicate and in accordance with section 142, Cha. 195, R.S.O., 1914, of the "Assessment Act," and each of the said lists having been vised by me, I hereby authorize and command you, William James Shannon, Treasurer of the County of LENNOX AND ADDINGTON to levy upon the respective lands specified therein for the arrears and costs due thereon.

Dated this 29th day of July, A.D., 1924.

W. H. Milling,
Warden of the County of Lennox and Addington.

COUNTY OF LENNOX AND ADDINGTON.

TREASURER'S SALE OF LAND FOR TAXES

County of Lennox and Addington.
TO WIT :

By virtue of a warrant under the hand of the WARDEN and the seal of the County of Lennox and Addington, bearing date the 29th day of July, A.D., 1924, and to me directed, commanding me to levy upon the lands mentioned in the following list, for the arrears of taxes due thereon, and the costs as therein set forth, I HEREBY GIVE NOTICE that unless the said arrears and costs are sooner paid, I shall proceed to sell the said lands, or so much thereof, as may be necessary for the aforesaid taxes and costs, at my office in the Court House, in the Town of Napanee, by PUBLIC AUCTION, on WEDNESDAY, the 5th day of November, in the present year A.D., 1924, and the following day if necessary, beginning at the hour of 10 o'clock in the forenoon and in compliance with the "Assessment Act."

The PUBLIC will please remember that this is a strictly CASH SALE. Private cheques will not be accepted in settlement unless marked by the Bank upon which they are drawn and made par at Napanee.

County Treasurer's Office, Napanee, July 29th, A.D., 1924.

W. J. SHANNON,
Treasurer of the County of Lennox and Addington.

TOWNSHIP OF DENBIGH.

	Arrears	Costs	Total
W.R., Lot 1, acres, 84 ; years, over 3........	$ 20.00	$2.50	$22.50
W.R., Lot 2, acres, 100 ; years, over 3.....	15.00	2.38	17.38
2, Lot 17, acres, 100 ; years, 1921........	8.06	2.25	10.31
2, Lot 15)			
2 Lot 16) acres, 194 ; years, over 3......	40.00	3.00	43.00
3, Lot 13-14, acres, 200 ; years, over 3....	30.00	2.75	32.75
3, Lot 17, acres, 100 ; years, over 3........	100.00	4.50	104.50
3, Lot 20, acres, 100 ; years, over 3.......	100.00	4.50	104.50
4, Lot s ¼ 6)			
4, Lot s ½ 7)			
5, Lot 6 & 7), acres, 300 ; years, 1921-2-3	101.34	4.53	105.87
6, Lot 16, acres 100 ; years, 1920-1-2-3...	44.23	3.11	47.34
7, Lot 12, acres, 100 ; years, over 3......	15.00	2.38	17.38

TOWNSHIP OF ABINGER.

3, Lot pt. 1, acres, 19 ; years, over 3........	$ 20.00	$2.50	$22.50
3, Lot 2, acres, 96 ; years, over 3..........	20.00	2.50	22.50
3, Lot pt 29, acres, 19 ; years, over 3......	50.00	3.50	53.50
8, Lot 6 & 7, acres, 200 ; years 1920-2-3,..	33.59	2.84	36.43
9, Lot 1, acres, 100 ; years, over 3.........	50.00	3.50	53.50
10, Lot 1, acres, 100 ; years, 1920-1-2-3..	83.81	4.10	87.91
11, Lot 4, acres, 100 ; years, over 3.......	50.00	3.50	53.50
15, Lot 7)			
Lot 8) acres, 200 ; years, 1921-2-3.....	31.83	2.79	34.62
16, Lot pt 14, acres, 1 ; years, over 3......	20.00	2.50	22.50

TOWNSHIP OF ASHBY.

2, Lot 2)			
3, Lot 3), acres, 300 ; years 1920-1-2-3..$	64.88	$3.63	$68.51
16, Lot 33)			
Lot 34), acres, 200 ; years 1920-2-3...	31.64	2.79	34.43
			Sold

TOWNSHIP OF KALADAR

1, Lot n ½ 1, acres, 100 ; years, 1920-1-2-3.$	28.98	$2.73	$31.71
			Sold
1, Lot e ½ 3, acres, 108 ; years, 1920-1-2-3.	38.64	2.97	41.61
5, Lot w ½ 1, acres, 133 ; years, 1920-1-2-3	58.61	3.47	62.08
5, Lot 2, acres, 247, years, 1921-22........	26.37	2.66	29.03
6, Lot 4, acres, 150 ; years, 1920-1-2-3....	48.91	3.23	52.14
7, Lot 4, acres, 172 ; years, 1920-1-2-3....	47.79	3.20	50.99
7, Lot n ½ 10, acres, 65 ; years 1920-21...	8.58	2.25	10.83
8, Lot 10, acres, 188 ; years, 1920-21......	36.23	2.91	39.14
9, w ½ 12, acres, 100 ; years, 1920-1-2-3..	12.21	2.31	14.52

TOWNSHIP OF ANGLESEA.

R.A., Lot 19, acres, 100 ; years, 1920-1-2-3..$	32.16	$2.80	$34.96
R.A., Lot 28, acres, 100 ; years 1920-1-2-3..	20.70	2.52	23.22
R.A., Lot 29, acres, 100 ; years, 1920-1-2-3..	20.71	2.52	23.23
R.A., Lot 31, acres, 100 ; years, 1920-1-2-3..	20.69	2.52	23.21
R.A., Lot 34, acres, 100 ; years, 1920-1-2-3..	20.70	2.52	23.22
R.A., Lot 35, acres, 100 ; years, 1920-1-2-3..	20.71	2.52	23.23
R.A., Lot 36, acres, 100 ; years, 1920-1-2-3..	20.72	2.52	23.24
R.A., Lot 40, acres 100 ; years, 1920-1-2-3..	20.70	2.52	23.22
R.A., Lot 41, acres, 100 ; years, 1920-1-2-3..	20.70	2.52	23.22
13, Lot 9, acres, 100 ; years, 1920-1-2-3...	40.16	3.00	43.16

TOWNSHIP OF SHEFFIELD.

2 Lot centre)			
pt 16), acres, 4 ; years, 1920-1-2-3..$	52.80	$3.32	$56.12
2, Lot n ½ 26, acres, 100 ; years, 1921......	3.65	2.25	5.90
16, Lot 21, acres, 150 ; years, 1920-1-2-3...	21.62	2.55	24.17
16, Lot 22, acres, 165 ; years, 1920-1-2-3..	18.34	2.46	20.80
16, Lot 23, acres, 185 ; years, 1920-21-23..	19.99	2.50	22.49

TOWNSHIP OF ERNESTTOWN.

1, Lot pt 32, acres, ¼ ac.; years, 1921-22-23	$43.94	$3.10	$47.04
1, Lot pt. 42, acres, 2 ; years, 1920-1-2-3..	43.53	3.10	46.63

VILLAGE OF BATH.

1, Lot 6, Meacham's Atlas, S. W. Corner Queen and Church Sts., 1-5 ac; yrs. 1921-23	$148.00	$5.70	$153.70

All above lands are Patented.

W. H .MILLING,
Warden, County of Lennox and Addington.

W. J. SHANNON,
Treasurer, County of Lennox and Addington.

BAYER
BAYER

Genuine BAYER ASPIRIN

Insist on BAYER TABLETS OF ASPIRIN

Unless you see the "Bayer Cross" on tablets you are not getting the genuine Bayer product proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians 24 years for

Colds Headache Neuralgia Lumbago
Pain Toothache Neuritis Rheumatism

Safe → Accept only "Bayer" package which contains proven directions.
Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets
Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists.

Aspirin is the trade mark (registered in Canada) of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid (Acetyl Salicylic Acid, "A. S. A."). While it is well known that Aspirin means Bayer manufacture, to assist the public against imitations, the Tablets of Bayer Company will be stamped with their general trade mark, the "Bayer Cross."

Ethrog Is Rare and Costly.

The sacred Jewish citron, botanically known as ethrog, is said to be one of the most costly fruits in the world, and a good specimen will fetch as much as $25. It grows in Palestine and in the Greek islands in the Mediterranean. For centuries it has played an important part in Jewish religious ceremonies. The ethrog is something like a lemon but large. It is extremely aromatic, and one will perfume a whole room. The rind is thick and hard, the pulp bitter and very seedy. The principal characteristic of this extraordinary fruit, however, is a protuberance on the blossom end having the appearance of a pestle in a mortar, and known as the pitma or pitam. It is the stamen of the blossom, and without it the fruit is of little or no religious value. The tree, which is about the size of a tangerine orange tree, has dark, large leaves, containing sweet-smelling oils. The fruit matures after a couple of years. The flowering season lasts for several months, the blossoms being a pale purple.

SIBERIAN PRISONS.

Escaped Convicts Who Lived Like Wild Beasts.

The perils and sufferings undergone in Siberian prisons have long proved a popular subject for imaginative writers; now we have the true narrative of a famous scientist, Prof. Ossendowski, who has spent ten years in Siberia making investigations into the minerals of the country, and whose disclosures concerning the terrible things he has seen are stranger by far than fiction.

On one of his expeditions the professor fell in with two convicts, whom he befriended and made his servants. These men were named Hak and Sienko, and they were experienced criminals who, after the tortures and persecutions undergone in prison, were sworn enemies of society. They had already escaped from jail several times, and they and their kind were forced to seek refuge in the forests, living like wild beasts. Every soldier was authorized to kill escaped convicts, and received a money reward for each one taken or slain.

"A recaptured prisoner was marked for all time," Prof. Ossendowski declares in "Man and Mystery in Asia." "Hak showed us these stigmas. They consisted of circles and triangles burnt with hot irons on his breast and shoulders, and some were so deeply burned that one could see the barely-covered ribs. Sienko had other marks; his nostrils were slit and his ear was notched. Every Russian citizen meeting men with such marks had the right to kill them."

On one occasion when the professor was out shooting he remarked to Hak that he wished they had brought a knife, whereupon the escaped convict declared: "A knife? I can give that to you." "Saying this," the author declares, "he put his hand to his naked hip, and right at the place where the abdomen joins the hip, he laid back a fold of the skin.

"I saw a little aperture in which Hak put two fingers, taking from it a long, thin knife. This habitual criminal had a pocket made in his skin! 'We old convicts always undergo this operation,' declared Hak, with a significant smile. 'We have to have weapons in our fights with the jailors or soldiers pursuing us'."

Hak had escaped from the terrible island prison of Sakhalin, where the worst cases were sent and from which few ever returned. The prisoners, both men and women, were sent to the island by sea, being chained, kept in iron cages, and guarded by the most brutal soldiers. The journey recalled the most terrible scenes of Dante's "Inferno." Hundreds died or were allowed to drown.

On the island, men guilty of strikes or rebellion, and recaptured convicts, were punished by an increase of work and a more severe prison regime, but before all this they were whipped. Often this punishment was the last in the life of the prisoner, and after it a new grave was dug in the cemetery.

The condemned were turned over to the chastiser-executioner. These Sakhalin executioners formed a special caste, hated by everybody. They were chosen by the administration from among the most debased of the prisoners, and were placed in separate quarters, as in the common ones they would have been instantly killed by the convicts.

The prisoners under this reign of terror soon became like beasts; those who escaped roamed Siberia, their principal weapons being axes, which they wielded with great dexterity, and which were ever ready to crush the skull of any pursuer.

When the Bolshevik revolution occurred most of these convicts were called upon by the Bolsheviks, according to the author, and placed at the head of the revolutionary tribunals. Half-beasts as they were, they carried out the sentences on society with the same brutality that had been shown to them by the representatives of the Czar.

CAME FROM THE EAST.

Englishman Did Not Originate the "Daily Tub."

The Englishman did not originate the "daily tub," after all. He has had credit for it for a long time, and in practice has done much for the world with it, but the origin seems to have gone back a lot farther. It is recorded by Jay Barrett Botsford in his book, "English Society in the Eighteenth Century, as Influenced From Overseas," that the daily cold tub was a by-product of the expansion in trade which in that century took English ships and men all over the world, and brought back trade and money and customs which have permanently influenced the Motherland.

It is inferred by Mr. Botsford from a letter written by an English traveller in China in 1769, that the custom was derived from the Orient, for this gentleman made note of the Chinese practice of taking a cold bath in the morning, and added that many Europeans resident in the Orient were very fond of it.

This period of world expansion had a wide influence on the wealth and customs of the Old Land. Early in the eighteenth century a new and powerful class emerged from the social order, that of the merchant princes, followed shortly by the rise of the manufacturers, who used the raw products imported from overseas. In Liverpool, whose growth was founded on commerce, the change was dramatically evident. "Here docks and warehouses were thronged with penniless boys, enthusiastic and adventurous pioneers in a new field of mercantile endeavor."

A state of flux, a breaking down of barriers in English society, was inevitable. Old names were allied with new fortunes; new peerages were created, although up to the reign of George III. the most that wealthy traders and manufacturers could expect was a knighthood or a baronetcy. This pursuit of wealth was at first marked by low standards of business morality, stock jobbing was prevalent and speculation rather than investment the rule. Gradually ethics improved, the bursting of the South Sea Bubble, for one thing, having a salutary effect. The position of women improved, schools for them increased and intelligence, even when accompanied by beauty, came to be admired.

Old Myth About Bells.

There is a poetic myth that silver gives a sweet tone to bells. According to the bell founders, a silver bell would give about the same tone as one of wood. The origin of the myth, they say, is quaintly mischievous. For the want of transportation, it was the custom in more ancient times for bell casters to work in churchyards, where they erected temporary foundries. The parishioners would crowd about, and to them the founders would beg for more silver to give the bells a sweeter ring. The silver later found its way into tavern tills, not into the bells.

GILLETT'S
PURE FLAKE
LYE
E.W.GILLETT COMPANY LIMITED
TORONTO, CANADA MONTREAL
in the Kitchen
Try a small portion of Gillett's Pure Flake Lye in the dishwater when cleaning greasy pots and pans. It will save you much hard labor.
MADE IN CANADA

DIED IN THE CLOISTER

TRIED TO STOP GERMANS PASSING THROUGH HER TERRITORY.

Grand Duchess Marie Adelaide of Luxemburg Abdicated Her Throne and Retired to Convent — Health Broke Down Under Confinement.

It was Marie Adelaide of Luxemburg who at the outbreak of the World War defied the troops of the kaiser when they outraged the neutrality of her small principality and bivouaced along its historic avenues. It was Marie Adelaide who abdicated in favor of her sister Charlotte when the people of Luxemburg accused her of too friendly dealings with the enemy.

For four years this daughter of princes ate the meager food and slept on the narrow hard pallet of her convent home. It is rumored that her frail health could not withstand the hardships of her self-imposed duties.

Since the twelfth century, when acquisitive barons stole the small duchy of Luxemburg from the humane Charlemagne, it has been under the control at various times of all the powers of Europe.

To-day, there are still to be found French, German and Belgian sympathizers among the population, though the majority remain independent. By the treaty of London in 1887, the duchy was proclaimed neutral territory, and all the fortifications were dismantled. It was then under the control of the King of Holland and remained so until 1890.

At that time Wilhelmina ascended the throne, but the Salic law (which provides that only males shall inherit) prevented her ruling over Luxemburg. The small principality with its quarter million inhabitants passed to Duke Adolph of Nassau, a direct descendant of William of Orange. Again it looked as though this historic throne would go begging for a claimant, for all Duke Adolph's six children were girls.

But the Luxemburg Parliament decided differently and, setting aside all precedents, declared the eldest daughter of the Grand Duke the heir-apparent. In 1912, at the age of 18, shortly after the death of her father, Marie Adelaide ascended the throne of Luxemburg and assumed command of her miniature ornamental army of 300 men.

Then commenced the hegira of European princelings toward the royal palace of this girl ruler. Kaiser Wilhelm proposed several husbands, but Marie Adelaide refused to listen to suggestions, and the story goes that she sent her suitors packing before they even had an opportunity to shake the dust of travel from their princely helmets.

She would, she said, choose her own husband, without interference from any king. And when she was 20 it was whispered that she had. But the secret was faithfully guarded and the name of this man who was killed during the war has never been divulged.

Before the war the Grand Duchess led the life of a care-free, happy girl, going on picnics with her five sisters and riding through the gray-walled city of Luxemburg, as occasion demanded, in the royal family coach.

Self-willed though lovable, Marie Adelaide from her earliest years was fond of the pomp and ceremony of her father's small court. She knew that it would one day be hers, and she enjoyed to the full her position as heir-apparent. She assumed the responsibilities of a reigning sovereign with dignified understanding, and ruled her subjects with considerable wisdom.

Into the midst of this happy life broke the soldiers of the kaiser in the first days of the war.

According to rumor, Marie Adelaide summoned her state carriage and placed herself in the middle of the highway. She ordered them to remain outside the frontier of Luxemburg. This they refused to do, and a German officer ordered his soldiers to seize the carriage of the princess and drive her back to the castle.

Secrecy hung over the royal palace of Marie Adelaide during those dark years and it was not until the Germans marched back to Berlin that anything was known of the inhabitants' fate.

But whatever the vicissitudes of war, the armistice brought no peace to the Grand Duchess of Luxemburg. Her subjects, after the withdrawal of the allies' troops, broke out afresh with the cry of "Abdicate!"

"I sympathized with the Queen of the Belgians when she was driven out of her country," said the Grand Duchess Marie, "but her sufferings were small compared to mine, for she was free and received the admiration of the world, while I was a prisoner and was misunderstood by all my friends."

Marie Adelaide abdicated in favor of Princess Charlotte, her next younger sister, and in 1920 decided to enter the Order of the Carmelites, the severest of all religious orders.

Shorn of her beautiful golden hair, clad simply in blue and carrying a bouquet of white flowers, the Grand Duchess walked to the altar through two lines of nuns in black veils, each holding a lighted taper. For two years she performed the religious duties of the Carmelite order. The enforced solitude proved too exacting for the health of the royal nun, and the Pope, fearing for her life, authorized a change to the order of the Little Sisters of the Poor.

Patron Saints of Pharmacy.

Two Arab brothers, Cosmos and Damien, are the patron saints of pharmacy. They practiced healing gratuitously at Egea, in Cilicia, during the fourth century. Angels are reputed to have rescued them from three attempts to kill them.

Glass is said to have been made by the Egyptians 3,000 years ago.

On Her Way.

They were on their honeymoon trip to the mountains, and the bride's mother had insisted on accompanying the otherwise happy couple. Suddenly the bridegroom let out a yell.

"Phyllis! Phyllis!" he shouted. "You mother has fallen over a cliff!"

"Heavens!" screamed the young woman. "Is she badly hurt?"

"Not yet. She hasn't stopped!"

Woman Teaches Parrots.

Teaching parrots to talk provides a New York woman with a living.

Polly want a cracker?
Always when it's —
McCORMICK'S
JERSEY CREAM SODAS
82.

THIS CANADA OF OURS

SCOTTISH EDITOR'S IMPRESSIONS OF DOMINION.

Low Values of Canadian Land Offer Chance to British Worker — New Scheme Proposed to Assist Married Men to Emigrate.

Canada may be regarded either as a unit or as a multiplicity of units, distinctive in physical and other characteristics, says Wm. Adair in the Glasgow Weekly Herald. If you accept the view that Canada is a multiplicity of countries, it rules out a good deal of futile speculation about its future development.

It becomes needless, for instance, to ask the question: Is agricultural development being pushed too far ahead of industrial development? Judged by the money value of the products received respectively from its other industries and its farming, the Dominion, I was surprised to find, is to-day producing more wealth in manufactured articles than from the land.

That, as I say, surprises me, and it will surprise most people in the Old Country, because we know from experience that we must rely on Canadian wheat for our bread, and that if the Canadian crop is a short one we shall have to pay more for the loaf. Canadian agriculture and its output have a direct bearing on our cost of living. Hence we are disposed to regard the Dominion as primarily an agricultural country.

Believing in the stabilizing influence upon any country of a broad agricultural basis, I share the faith of the Canadian in the future of his country. If Canada looks after her agricultural settlement, her urban industries will soon look after themselves.

Our main objective in touring the Dominion as the guests of the Canadian National Railway was to see for ourselves the opportunities which the Dominion offers to the Scottish emigrant. I confess that my survey has not led me to entertain the idea that meantime Canadian industrial centres and cities can absorb large numbers of immigrants of the skilled artisan class. I stress this point because, coming from Glasgow, a city which has about 70,000 unemployed to-day, I was naturally interested in possible outlets for the energy and skill of these men.

Under the spur of a trade revival, Canada, I am sure, could take many skilled workers from the Old Country. But that time is not yet. On the other hand, it seemed to me that the man who desires to settle on the land will not find a time more propitious than the present. Obviously this is the time to get in. The trouble is that the unemployed of Scotland and the Old Country generally are not farm workers, but are industrial workers.

If one thing struck me more than another in Canada, it was the fact that whereas a large and growing family is a severe handicap to the urban workers in the Old Country, it becomes a real asset to the man who settles on the land in Canada. I saw innumerable instances of this fact in dairy farming in the Edmonton district. Outside help was unnecessary, and the farmer was making money rapidly.

When I say that we may relate the two problems if we face them boldly I have in mind the opportunity to use the British unemployment dole as a separation allowance in order that a married man may be able to go to Canada in advance of his family for, say, a year, work on a farm for experience (and wages, of course), and take his family out later. If the Old Country Government were prepared to use the dole for this purpose the Dominion Government might see its way to help the scheme by advancing money for the man's fare, and later for his family's fares.

My idea is that such a policy of encouraging the emigration of married men could apply to the whole Empire, Australia and other parts being invited, as well as Canada, to participate. By that means Canada might secure many more than the 34,508 British immigrants recorded for the year 1922-23. Compare this figure with the 150,542 from the Old Country who entered the Dominion in the year 1912-13, and it will be realized that a special effort is now required.

For good or ill Canada must attract a larger population. For while it is true that the Dominion comprises a variety of countries, it cannot, for the purpose of its railway development (to quote only one example) regard itself as anything but a single unit. Its railways recognize their duties as pioneers. But pioneering over great stretches of unoccupied country is a costly business.

To me the city of Edmonton in the West seemed to epitomize the whole Dominion problem. Here is a city, the area of which is 27,000 acres, and the population less than 60,000 —a fraction more than two persons per acre. Speculation in "town lots" led to a spreadeagle development of the town. And when municipal services had to be introduced for the benefit of the outlying suburbs the cost was relatively appalling.

If the Dominion came to construct good roads to link up its leading towns, a task that must be faced sooner or later if the automobile is to be of any long-distance value, it will find its own size—its unoccupied size—a big handicap.

Though the emigration figures have shrunken of late years, I consider that the faith of the people—the buoyant spirit of the West, is surely one of the Dominion's greatest assets — is justified. Canada is a young giant, merely suffering at present from growing pains.

Never Felt So Cheap.

A good story comes from New York concerning Mr. Woolworth—he who built the famous skyscraper there that is named after him, and who studded all America and a good part of Europe with cheap shops.

When he was a young man he appeared to give evidence against a prisoner in one of the city courts.

It appeared that the accused was supposed to have committed a robbery, and the police had chased him over several roofs. Just as he was about to make good his escape—crash!—he went through a skylight into one of Woolworth's "Five and Ten Cent Stores."

He landed plumb amongst a lot of goods, and the first thing he made out on recovering his wits was the sign: "Everything on this counter five cents."

"I never felt so cheap in my life," he remarked ruefully to the judge, who was so delighted with the prisoner's ready wit that he let him off with a light sentence.

Fighting the Sand Menace.

To most seaside holiday-makers sand is an attraction, but one can have too much of it.

This, at least, is the opinion of Southport, England, which is taking steps to reclaim the sand-dunes left behind by the receding sea by establishing roadways and public parks in the "waste."

There is danger, as well as ugliness, in too much sand. Many Cornish churches have been swallowed by by sand, and at St. Ives Bay the home of the old kings of Cornwall has been buried by the dunes as they moved inland.

Brick

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The WRECKERS

By FRANCIS LYNDE

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What on earth was the president's nephew doing, prowling around Major Kendrick's house after eleven o'clock at night, lugging a pistol and peeking into windows? I could see him quite plainly now. He had both hands on the sill and was trying to pull himself up so that he could see into the end of the room where the fireplace was.

Just for the moment, there wasn't any danger of a blow-up. Unless he should break the glass in the window, he couldn't get a line on either the boss or Mrs. Sheila—if that was what he was aiming to do. All the same, I kept him covered with the automatic, steadying it against the door-jamb.

While the strain was at its worst, with the man outside flattening his cheek against the window-pane to get the sidewise slant, I heard the boss get out of his chair and say: "I'm keeping you out of bed, as usual; look at that clock! I'll go and wake Jimmie, and we'll vanish."

Just as he spoke, two things happened: a taxi chugged up to the gate and stopped, and the man's face disappeared from the window. I heard a quick padding of feet as of somebody running, and the next minute came the rattle of a latch-key and voices in the hall to tell me that the major and his folks were getting home. I had barely time to pocket the pistol and to drop into a chair where I could pretend to be asleep, when I felt the boss' hand on my shoulder.

"Come, Jimmie," he said. "It's time we were moving along," and in a minute or two, after he had said good-night to the major and Mrs. Kendrick, we got out.

At the gate we found the taxi driver doing something to his motor. With the scare from which I was still shaking to make my legs wobble, I grabbed at the chance which our good angel was apparently holding for us.

"Let's ride," I suggested; and when we got into the cab, I saw a man stroll up from the shadow of the sidewalk cottonwoods and say something to the driver; something that got him an invitation to ride to town on the front seat with the cabby when the car was finally cranked and started. I had a sight of our extra fare's face when he climbed up and put his back to us, and I knew it was Tarbell. But Mr. Norcross didn't.

When we reached the Bullard the boss went right up to his rooms, but I had a little investigation to make, and I stayed in the lobby to put it over. On the open page of the hotel register, in the group of names written just after the arrival of our train from the West at 7:30, I found the signature that I was looking for, "Howard Collingwood, N. Y." Putting this and that together, I concluded that our young rounder had come in from the West—which was a bit puzzling, since it left the inference that he wasn't direct from New York.

Waiting for a good chance at the night clerk, I ventured a few questions. They were answered promptly enough. Young Mr. Collingwood had come in on the 7:30. But he had been in Portal City a week earlier, too, stopping over for a single day. Yes, he was alone, now, but he hadn't been on the other occasion. There was a man with him on the earlier stopover, and he, also, registered from New York. The clerk didn't remember the other man's name, but he obligingly looked it up for me in the older register. It was Bullock, Henry Bullock.

I suppose it was up to me to go to bed. It was late enough, in all conscience, and nobody knew better than

"Perhaps not," was the prompt answer. "Perhaps I am only the onlooker—who can usually see things rather better than the persons actually involved. Hitherto I have urged you to be bold, and then again to be bold. Now I am begging you to be prudent."

"In what way?"

"Careful for yourself. For example: you walked out here this evening; don't do that any more. Come in a taxi—and don't come alone."

I couldn't see his frown of disagreement, but I knew well enough it was there.

"There spoke the woman in you," he said. "If I should show the white feather that way, they'd have some excuse for potting me."

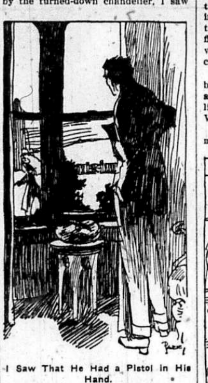
There was a silence again, and I got up quietly and crossed the dining-room to the big recessed window where I stood looking out into the darkness of the tree-shaded lawn. It was pretty evident that Mrs. Sheila knew a heap more than she was telling the boss, just as he had said, and I couldn't help wondering how she came to know it. What she said about the increased number of wrecks looked like a pointer. Was she in touch with the enemy in some way?

Then my mind went back in a flash to what Maisie Ann had told me. Was the husband who ought to be dead, and wasn't, mixed up in it in any way? Could it be possible that he was one of those who were in the fight on the other side, and that she was still keeping in touch with him?

Pretty soon I heard the murmur of their voices again, but now I was so far away from the bamboo-screened door that I couldn't hear what they were saying. I wished they would break it off so the boss could go. It was getting late, and there had been enough said to make me wish we were both safely back in the hotel. It's that way sometimes, you know, in spite of all you can do. You hear a talk, and you can't help reading between the lines. I knew, as well as I knew that I was alive, that Mrs. Sheila meant more than she had said: perhaps more than she had dared to say.

It was while I was standing there in the big window that I saw the man on the lawn. At first I thought it was Tarbell, who was never very far out of reach when the boss was running loose. But the next minute I saw I was mistaken. The man under the trees had on a long traveling coat that came nearly to his heels, and his cap was the kind that has two visors, one in front and the other behind.

Realizing that it wasn't Tarbell, I stood perfectly still. The house was lighted with gas, and the dining-room chandelier had been turned down, so there was a chance that the skulker under the trees wouldn't see me standing in the corner of the box window. To make it surer, I edged away until the curtain hid me. I was just in time. The man had crept out of his hiding-place and was coming up to the window on the outside. As he passed through the dim beam of light thrown by the turned-down chandelier, I saw that he had a pistol in his hand, or a weapon of some kind; anyway, I caught the glint of the gas-light on dull steel.



I Saw That He Had a Pistol in His Hand.

That stirred me up good and plenty. I still had the gun I had taken out of Fred May's drawer; I had carried it ever since the night when it had mighty nearly got me killed off in the Red Tower coal yard. I fished it out and made ready, thinking, of course, that the skulker must certainly be one of Clanahan's gunmen. I still had that idea when I felt, rather than saw, that the man was pulling himself up to the window so that he could take a look into the dining room.

The look satisfied him, apparently, for the next second I heard him drop among the bushes; and when I stood up and looked out again I could just make him out going around toward the back of the house. I knew the house like a book, and without making any noise about it I slipped through the butler's pantry and got a look out of a rear window. My man was there, and he was working his way sort of blindly around to the den side of the place.

I knew there was only one window in the major's den room, and that was nearly opposite the screened doorway. So I ducked back into the dining room and took a stand where I could see the one window through the door-curtain net-work of bamboo beads. I was so excited that I caught

I did the early-rising, early-office-opening habits of Mr. Graham Norcross, G. M. Just the same, after I had marked that Mr. Collingwood's room-key was still in its box, I went over to a corner of the lobby and sat down, determined to keep my eyes open, if such a thing were humanly possible, until our rounder should show up.

Finally my patience, or whatever you care to call it, was rewarded. Just after the baggage porter had finished sing-songing his call for the night express westbound, my man came in on the run.

When he rushed over to the counter and began to talk fast to the night clerk, I wasn't very far behind him. He was telling the clerk to get his grips down from the room, adjectively quick. While the boy was gone for the grips, my man made a straight shoot for the bar, and when I next got a sight of him—from behind one of the big onyx-plated pillars of the bar-room colonnade—he was pouring neat liquor down his throat as if it were water and he on fire inside.

That was about all there was to it. By the time Collingwood got back to the clerk's counter, the boy was down with the bags. Collingwood looked up sort of nervously at the big clock, and paid his bill. And while the clerk was getting his change, he grabbed the pen out of the counter inkstand, and made out as if he was shading in a picture, or something, on the open register.

A half-minute later he was gone. When the taxi purred away I turned to the open register to see what our maniac had been drawing in it. What he had done was completely to obliterate his signature. He had scratched it over until the past master of all the hand-writing experts that ever lived couldn't have told what the name was.

It was while we were eating breakfast the next morning in the Bullard cafe—the boss and I—that we got our first news of the Petrolite wreck. The story was red-headlined in the Morning Herald—the Hatch-owned paper—and besides being played up good and strong in the news columns, there was an editorial to back the front-page scream.

At two o'clock in the morning a fast westbound freight had left the track in Petrolite Canyon, and before they could get the flagman out, a delayed eastbound passenger had collided with the ruins. There were no lives lost, but a number of people, including the engineman, the postal clerks and the baggageman on the passenger, were injured.

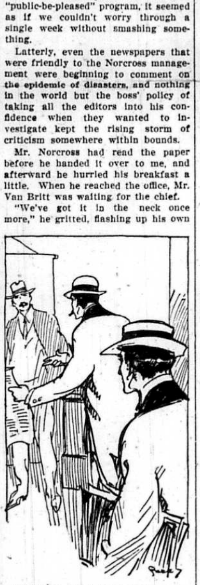
The editorial, commenting on the wire stuff, was sharply critical of the Short Line management. It hinted broadly that there had been no such thing as discipline on the road since Mr. Shaffer had left it; that the rank and file was running things pretty much as it pleased; and with this there was a dig at general managers who let old and time-tried department heads go to make room for their rich and incompetent college friends—which was meant to be a slap at Mr. Van Britt, our own and only millionaire.

Unhappily, this fault-finding had a good bit to build on, in one way. As I have said, we were having operating troubles to beat the band. With the rank and file apparently doing its level best to help out in the new "public-be-pleased" program, it seemed as if we couldn't worry through a single week without smashing something.

Latterly, even the newspapers that were friendly to the Norcross management were beginning to comment on the epidemic of disasters, and nothing in the world but the boss' policy of taking all the editors into his confidence when they wanted to investigate kept the rising storm of criticism somewhere within bounds.

Mr. Norcross had read the paper before he handed it over to me, and afterward he hurried his breakfast a little. When he reached the office, Mr. Van Britt was waiting for the chief.

"We've got it in the neck once more," he gritted, flashing up his own copy of the Herald. "Did you read that editorial?"



"Did You Read That Editorial?"

"Never mind the newspaper talk. How bad is the trouble this time?"

"Pretty bad. The freight is practically a total loss; a good half of it is in the river. Kirgan says he can pick the freight engine up and rebuild it; but the passenger machine is a wreck."

"How did it happen?"

"It's like a good many of the others. Nobody seems to know. Brockman put the freight engine crew on the rack, and they say there was a small boulder on the track—that it rolled down the canyon slope just ahead of them as they were turning a curve. They struck it, and both men say that the engine knocked it off into the river apparently without hurting anything. But two seconds later the entire train left the track and piled up all over the right-of-way."

The boss was sitting back in his chair and making little rings on the desk blotter with the point of his letter-opener.

"Upton, these knock-outs have got to be stopped."

"Good Lord!" exclaimed the little millionaire; "you don't have to tell me that! If we can't stop 'em, Uncle Dunton will have plenty of good reasons for cleaning us all out, lock, stock, and barrel! I was talking with Carter, in the claim office, this morning. Our loss and damage account for the past month is something frightful!"

"It is," said the boss gravely. "And then: "Upton, we're not altogether as bright as we might be. Has it never occurred to you that we are having too much bad luck to warrant us in charging it all up to the chapter of accidents?"

Mr. Van Britt blew his cheeks out until the stubby, cropped mustache bristled like porcupine quills.

"So you've been getting your pointer, too, have you?" he threw in.

Mr. Norcross didn't answer the question directly.

"Put Tarbell on the job, and if he needs help, let him pick his own men," he directed. "We want to know why that boulder tumbled down ahead of Number Seventeen, and I want to see Tarbell's report on it. Keep at it night and day, Upton. The infection is getting into the rank and file and it's spreading like a sickness. If it becomes psychological, we shall have all the trouble we need."

"I know," nodded the superintendent. "I went through a siege of that kind on the Great Southwestern, one winter. It was horrible. Men who had been running trains year in and year out, and never knowing that they had any nerves, went to pieces if you'd snap your fingers at them."

"That's it," said the boss. "We don't want to fall into that ditch. Things are quite bad enough, as they are."

This ended it for the time. The Petrolite Canyon wreck was picked up, the track was cleared, and once more our trains were moving on time. But anybody could see that the entire Short Line had a case of "nerves." Kirgan, Kirgan the cold-blooded, showed it one afternoon when I went over to his office to return a bunch of blue-prints sent in for the boss' approval. The big master-mechanic had a round-house foreman "on the carpet" and was harrying him like the dickens for letting an engine go out with one of her truck safety chains hanging loose.

Ever since we had gone together on the rescue run to Timber Mountain, Mart and I had been sort of chummy, and after the foreman had gone away with his foot in his hand, I joshed Kirgan a little about the way he had hammered the round-house man.

"Bad medicine," I told him. "It's worrying the bosses, too. What's doing it, Mart?"

"Maybe you can tell," he growled. "It's a hoodoo—that's what it is. Seven engines in the shops in the last nine days, and three more that haven't been fished out-a the ditch yet. I wish Mr. Van Britt 'd fire the whole jumpy outfit!"

It didn't seem as though firing was needed so much as a dose of nerve tonic of some sort. Tarbell was working hard on the problem, quietly, and without making any talk about it, and Kirgan was giving him all the men he asked for from the shops; quick-witted fellows who were up in all the mechanical details, and who made better spotters than outsiders would because they knew the road and the ropes. But it was no use. I saw some of Tarbell's reports, and they didn't show any crookedness. It seemed to be just bad luck—one landslide after another of it.

Meanwhile, New York had waked up again. President Dunton had been off the job somewhere, I guess, but now he was back, and the things he wired to the boss were enough to make your hair stand on end. I looked every day to see Mr. Norcross pitch the whole shooting-match into the fire and quit, cold.

He'd never taken anything like Mr. Dunton's abuse from anybody before, and he couldn't seem to get hardened to it. But he was loyal to Mr. Chadwick; and, of course, he knew that Mr. Dunton's hot wires were meant to nag him into resigning. Then there was Mrs. Sheila. I sort of suspected she was holding him up to the rack, every day and every minute of the day.

It was one evening after he had been out to the major's for just a little while, and had come back to the office, that he sent for Mr. Van Britt, who was also working late. There was blood on the moon, and I saw it in the way the boss' jaw was working.

"Upton," he began, as short as pie-crust, "have you thought of any way to break this wreck hoodoo yet?"

Mr. Van Britt sat down and crossed his solid little legs.

"If I had, I shouldn't be losing sleep at the rate of five or six hours a night," he rasped.

"There's one thing that we haven't tried," the boss shot back. "We've been advertising it as bad luck, keeping our own suspicions to ourselves and letting the men believe what they pleased. We'll change all that. I want you to call your trainmen in as fast as you can get at them. Tell them—from me, if you want to—that there isn't any bad luck about it; that the enemies of this management are making an organized raid on the property itself for the purpose of putting us out of the fight. Tell them the whole story, if you want to: how we're trying our best to make a spoon out of a spoiled horn, and how there is an army of grafters and wreckers in this state which is doing its worst to knock us out of the box.

"If you give the force something tangible to lay hold of, it will work the needed miracle. It is only the mysterious that terrifies. Railroad employes, as a whole, are perfectly intelligent human beings, open to conviction. The management which doesn't profit by that fact is lame. If you do this and appeal to the loyalty of the men, you will make a private detective out of every man in the train service, and every one of them keen to be the first to catch the wreckers. You can add a bit of a reward for that, if you like, and I'll pay it out of my own bank account."

For a full minute our captive millionaire didn't say a word. Then he grinned like a good-natured little Chinese god.

"Who gave you this idea of taking the pay-roll into your confidence, Graham?" he asked softly.

For the first time in all the weeks and months I'd been knowing him, the boss dodged; dodged just like any of us might.

"I've been talking to Major Kendrick," he said. "He is a wise old man, Upton, and he hears a good many things that don't get printed in the newspapers."

I could see that this excuse didn't fool Mr. Van Britt for a single instant, and there was a look in his eye that I couldn't quite understand. Neither could I make much out of what he said.

"We'll go into that a little deeper some day, Graham—after this epileptic attack has been fought off. This idea—which you confess isn't your own—is a pretty shrewd one, and I shouldn't wonder if it would work, if we can get it in motion before the hoodoo breaks us wide open. And, as you say, the accusation is justifiable, even if we can't prove up against the Hatch outfit. That turned-over rail in Petrolite Canyon, for example, might have been helped along by——"

It was Kelso, Mr. Van Britt's stenographer, smashed in with the interruption. He was in his shirt-sleeves, as if he'd just got up from his typewriter, and he rushed in with his mouth open and his eyes like saucers.

"They—they want you in the dispatcher's office!" he panted, jerking the words out at Mr. Van Britt. "Durgin has let Number Five get by for a head-ender with the 'Flyer,' and he's gone crazy!"

CHAPTER XII

The Helpless Wires

When Bobby Kelso shot his news at us we all made a quick break for the dispatcher's office, the boss in the lead. Durgin, the night dispatcher, had been alone on the train desk, and the only other operators on duty were the car-record man and the young fellow who acted as a relief on the commercial wire. When we got there, we found that Tarbell had happened to be in the office when Durgin blew up. He was sitting in at the train key, trying to get Crow Gulch, the one intermediate wire station between the two trains that had failed to get their "meet" orders, and this was the first I knew that he really was the expert telegraph operator that his pay-roll description said he was.

Durgin looked like a tortured ghost. He was a thin, dark man with a sort of scattering beard and limp black hair; one of the clearest-headed dispatchers in the bunch, and the very last man, you'd say, to get rattled in a tangle-up. Yet here he was, hunched in a chair at the car-record table in the corner, a staring-eyed, pallid-faced wreck, with the sweat standing in big drops on his forehead and his hands shaking as if he had the palsy.

Morris, the relief man, gave us the particulars, such as they were, speaking in a hushed voice as if he was afraid of breaking in on Tarbell's steady rattling of the key in the Crow Gulch station call.

"Number Four"—Four was the eastbound "Flyer"—"is five hours off her time," he explained. "As near as I can get it, Durgin was going to make her 'meet' with Number Five at the blind siding at Sand Creek tank. She ought to have had her orders somewhere west of Bauxite Junction, and Five ought to have got hers at Banta. Durgin says he simply forgot that the 'Flyer' was running late: that she was still out and had a 'meet' to make somewhere with Five."

Brief as Morris' explanation was, it was clear enough for anybody who knew the road and the schedules. The regular meeting-point for the two passenger trains was at a point well east of Portal City, instead of west, and so, of course, would not concern the Desert Division crew of either train, since all crews were changed at Portal City. From Banta to Bauxite Junction, some thirty-odd miles, there was only one telegraph station, namely, that at the Crow Gulch lumber camp, seven miles beyond the Timber Mountain "Y" and the gravel pit where the stolen 1016 had been abandoned.

Unluckily, Crow Gulch was only a day station, the day wires being handled by a young man who was half in the pay of the railroad and half in that of the saw-mill company. This young man slept at the mill camp, which was a mile back in the gulch. There was only one chance in a thousand that he would be down at the railroad station at ten o'clock at night, and it was on that thousandth chance that Tarbell was rattling the Crow Gulch call. If Five were making her card time, she was now about half-way between Timber Mountain "Y" and Crow Gulch. And Four, the "Flyer," had just left Bauxite—with no orders whatever. Which meant that the two trains would come together somewhere near Sand Creek.

Mr. Van Britt was as good a wire man as anybody on the line, but it was the boss who took things in hand.

"There is a long-distance telephone to the Crow Gulch saw-mill; have you tried that?" he barked at Tarbell.

The big young fellow who looked like a cow-boy—and had really been one, they said—glanced up and nodded: "The call's in," he responded: "'Central' says she can't raise anybody."

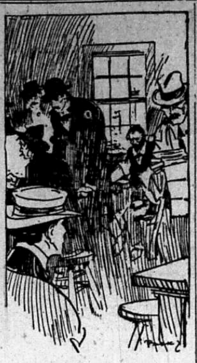
For the next three or four minutes the tension was something fierce. The boss and Mr. Van Britt hung over the train desk, and Tarbell kept up his insistent clatter at the key. I had an eye on Durgin. He was still hunched up in the record-man's chair, and to all appearances had gone stone-blind crazy. Yet I couldn't get rid of the idea that he was listening—listening as if all of his sealed-up senses had turned in to intensify the one of hearing.

Just about the time when the suspense had grown so keen that it seemed as if it couldn't be borne a second longer, Morris, who was sitting in at the office phone, called out sharply: "Long-distance says she has Crow Gulch lumber camp!"

Mr. Van Britt jumped to take the phone, and we got one side of the talk—our side—in shot-like sentences:

"That you, Bertram? All right; this is Van Britt, at Portal City. Take one of the mules and ride for your life down the gulch to the station! Get that? Stop Number Five and make her take siding quick. Report over your own wire what you do. Hurry!"

By the time Mr. Van Britt got back to the train desk, the boss had his pencil out and was figuring on Bertram's time margin. It was now ten-twelve, and Five's time at Crow Gulch was ten-eighteen. The Crow Gulch operator had just six minutes in which to get his mule and cover the rough mile down the gulch.



"I Couldn't Get Rid of the Idea That He Was Listening."

There was nothing to do but wait, and the waiting was savage. Tarbell had a nerve of iron, but I could see his hand shake as it lay on the glass-topped table. The boss was cool enough outwardly, but I knew that in his brain there was a heart-breaking picture of those two fast passenger trains rushing together in the night among the hills with no hint of warning to help them save themselves. Mr. Van Britt couldn't keep still. He had his hands jammed in the side pockets of his coat and was pacing back and forth in the little space between the train desk and the counter railing.

At the different tables in the room the sounders were clicking away as if nothing were happening or due to happen, and above the spattering din and clatter you could hear the escapement of the big standard-time clock on the wall, hammering out the seconds that might mean life or death to two or three hundred innocent people.

In horrible suspense the six minutes pulled themselves out to an eternity for that little bunch of us in the dispatcher's office who could do nothing but wait. On the stroke of ten-eighteen, the time when Five was due at Crow Gulch on her schedule, Tarbell tuned his relay to catch the first faint tappings from the distant day-station. Another sounder was silent. There was hope in the delay, and Morris voiced it.

"He's there, and he's too busy to talk to us," he suggested, in a hushed voice; and Disbrow, the car-record man, added: "That's it; it'd take a minute or two to get them in on the siding."

The second minute passed, and then a third, and yet there was no word from Bertram. "Call him," snapped the boss to Tarbell, but before the ex-cow-boy's hand could reach the key, the sounder began to rattle out a string of dots and dashes; ragged Morse it was, but we could all read it only too plainly.

"Too late—mule threw me and I had to crawl and drag a game leg—Five passed full speed at ten-nineteen—I couldn't make it."

I saw the boss' hands shut up as though the finger nails would cut into the palms.

"That ends it," he said, with a sort of swearing groan in his voice; and then to Tarbell: "You may as well call Kirgan and tell him to order out the wrecking train. Then have Perkins make up a relief train while you're calling the doctors. Van Britt, you go and notify the hospital over your own office wire. Have my private car put into the relief, and see to it that it has all the necessary supplies. And you'd better notify the undertakers, too."

Great Joash! but it was horrible—for us to be hustling around and making arrangements for the funeral while the people who were to be gathered up and buried were still swinging along live and well, half of them in the crookings among the Timber Mountain foot-hills and the other half somewhere in the desert stretches below Sand Creek!

Tarbell had sent Disbrow to the phone to call Kirgan, and Mr. Van Britt was turning away to go to his own office, when the chair in the corner by the car-record table fell over backwards with a crash and Durgin came staggering across the room. He was staring straight ahead of him as if he had gone blind, and the sweat was running down his face to lose itself in the straggling beard.

When he spoke his voice seemed to come from away off somewhere, and he was still staring at the blank wall beyond the counter-railing.

"Did I—did I hear somebody say you're sending for the undertakers?" he choked, with a dry rattle in his throat; and then, without waiting for an answer: "While you're at it, you'd better get one for me . . . there's the money to pay him," and he tossed a thick roll of bank bills, wrapped around with a rubber band, over to Tarbell at the train desk.

Naturally, the little grand-stand play with the bank roll made a diversion, and that is why the muffled crash of a pistol shot came with a startling shock to everybody. When we turned to look, the mischief was done. Durgin had crumpled down into a misshapen heap on the floor and the sight we saw was enough to make your blood run cold.

You see, he had put the muzzle of the pistol into his mouth, and—but it's no use: I can't tell about it, and the very thought of that thing that had just a minute before been a man, lying there on the floor makes me see black and want to keel over. What he had said about sending for an extra undertaker was right as right. With the top of his head blown off, the poor devil didn't need anything more in this world except the burying.

Somebody has said, mighty truthfully, that even a death in the family doesn't stop the common routine; that the things that have to be done will go grinding on, just the same, whether all of us live, or some of us die. Disbrow had jumped from the telephone at the crash of Durgin's shot, and for just a second or so we all stood around the dead dispatcher, nobody making a move.

(To be continued.)

WRIGLEYS
Chew it after every meal
It stimulates appetite and aids digestion. It makes your food do you more good. Note how it relieves that stuffy feeling after hearty eating.
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ASK THIS HALIFAX NURSE

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Halifax, Nova Scotia.—"I am a maternity nurse and have recommended Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to many women who were childless, also to women who need a good tonic. I am English and my husband is American, and he told me of Lydia E. Pinkham while in England. I would appreciate a copy or two of your little books on women's ailments. I have one which I keep to lend. I will willingly answer letters from any woman asking about the Vegetable Compound."—Mrs. S. M. COLEMAN, 24 Uniacke Street, Halifax, Nova Scotia.

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Dublin, Ontario.—"I was weak and irregular, with pains and headaches, and could not sleep nights. I learned about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound by reading the letters in the newspapers and tried it because I wanted to get better. I have got good results from it and I feel a lot stronger and am not troubled with such bad headaches as I used to be and am more regular. I am gaining in weight all the time and I tell my friends what kind of medicine I am taking. You may use my letter as a help to others."—Mrs. JAMES RACHO, Box 12, Dublin, Ontario.

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E. J. POLLARD.
Editor and Proprietor

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FEEDS THAT TAINT MILK

Undesirable Flavors Given by Some Plants In Autumn

Ragweed an Offender—Rank Clover, Turnip Tops and Rape Also Make Taints—Oil on Perches Stop Hen Lice—To Remove Paint.

(Contributed by Ontario Department of Agriculture, Toronto.)

One of the worst weeds for producing bad flavors in milk during the autumn season is ragweed. So says Prof. H. H. Dean of the Ontario Agricultural College. This gives a peculiar pungent odour to milk, which is very objectionable for both cheese and buttermaking. For condensing, powdering, and for city milk and cream trade such milk would be rejected and returned to the farmer.

A Bad Case of Ragweed Taint.

A case is known where a cheesemaker was obliged to leave the factory because the cheese was rejected by the cheese buyers on account of bad flavor. On investigation it was found that ragweed grew on many patrons' farms nearly as high as the fences. When pastures are short, as they frequently are in September and October, the cattle eat the weed. This taints the milk and causes no end of trouble for both cheese and buttermakers. The remedy, of course, is to rid the farms of this noxious weed, or else prevent the cows from pasturing in fields where the ragweed grows.

Rank Clover Will Give Taint.

Sometimes very rank clover will give a taint to the milk. The remedy is to turn the cows into a fresh clover field for only a short time each day until they grow accustomed to the clover and the persons buying or using the milk become adjusted to the change in flavor.

Turnip Tops Give Offensive Flavor.

Among crops grown for feeding purposes, one of the worst flavored is turnip tops. As soon as the turnip crop is harvested some farmers turn their cattle into the field to clean up the tops, small turnips, etc. This practice is sure to result in bad-flavored milk and cream. Most creamery men warn their patrons against this, as it has been found impossible to prevent turnip-tainted butter where much cream comes from farms where "cows break into the turnip field unknown to the owner."

Rape Nearly as Bad as Turnips.

Rape is nearly as bad as turnip tops. In beef-raising sections, where rape is largely grown for fattening cattle and sheeps, the cows, if allowed into the rape field, are almost sure to give tainted milk. If the farmer is using the milk and cream at home and likes the turnip or rape flavor, all right; but to sell this raw material for manufacturing purposes will spoil the cheese and butter. We cannot be too careful with the autumn foods for dairy cows. Prices are usually good, and we must produce milk of good flavor.—Dept. of Extension, O. A. College, Guelph.

Oil on Perches Stops Hen Lice.

When I started to keep poultry I built a new hen-house, and the first year I had no trouble at all with mites, but the second year gave me lots of work. But one day I went out on a pleasure drive which took me close to a friend's home whom I knew to be a good poultry woman. I asked to see her flock, to which she gladly led the way.

The building was just a ramshackle old affair to which several leans had been added as her flock grew in size. She went right into the house, but I hesitated, for when I looked in I saw all sorts of boxes and barrels half full of straw with hens on them, the only thing provided for them to lay in. But she invited me in, and reluctantly I complied. She led off in conversation, I listening, expecting any minute to be set upon by mites. After a few minutes it dawned upon me there were no mites in there, so I asked her how she managed to keep such a place free from mites. She turned to the perches, pointed at them and said, "See those black perches. That is oil on them."

I went home and oiled the perches in my new hen-house and have had no mites since; that was three years ago. Each year, after the incubating season is over, I paint the perches heavily with the cheapest lubricating oil procurable, and now I don't think I have a mite on the place. Mites all leave the hen before daylight. The oil kills them, and enough of it gets on the feathers to kill the young as they hatch on the hen's body. Don't put the oil on till the hatching is over or you'll regret it.

To Remove Paint.

To remove old paint from woodwork or automobile body, wash with a strong, hot solution of concentrated lye. Dissolve one can of lye in every gallon of water used and apply while hot. A wooden tub or bucket is an suitable container for the solution. An old paint brush or a heavy cloth may be used to apply the paint remover. The hands should be protected by wearing rubber gloves. After letting solution soak into the paint, which requires about ten minutes, it may be removed with a stiff wire brush or steel wool. A brush or wool becomes clogged with paint, rinse in a pail of clean water. In stubborn cases, or where there are several coats of paint, two or three applications may be necessary.

"At the head of all the sciences and arts, at the head of civilization and progress, stands—not militarism, the science that kills, not commerce, the art that accumulates wealth—but agriculture, the mother of all industry, and the maintainer of human life."—Garfield.

Miserable Anyway.

Richleigh—"I'm telling you the truth when I say I was much happier when I was poor."

Poorman—"Then why don't you let your millions go and be poor again?"

"That would be of no use, I'd feel miserable thinking of those poor fellows cursed with money."

Chipped Dishes.

Aside from the appearance, there are hygienic reasons why cracked and chipped dishes should not be used. These rough surfaces make an excellent place for bacteria growth.

"HERE'S A HEALTH."

How Toasts Originated In the Old Country.

Drinking to a man's good health began in England as far back as the Danish invasion, when it was customary with the Danes whilst an Englishman was drinking to take the opportunity of stabbing him.

To guard against this treachery, the English entered into a combination to be mutual pledges of security to each other while drinking.

When, therefore, an Englishman of that period drank to his friend, his tacit language was, "Sir, I fear that some malicious Dane will stab me or cut my throat whilst I am drinking; I beg the favor of you to watch carefully, that I may drink in safety." To which his friend was supposed to answer, "Sir, I will pledge you and be your surety." He then replied, "I am much obliged to you. Sir, your health, that you may live till I have done drinking, and save me from his wicked intentions."

There is some doubt as to how the word "toast" came to be used as implying complimentary drinking, but it is probably derived from the piece of toast which used to be put into the Loving Cup to add piquancy to the draught; a custom still known at English Universities.

For the piece of toast was afterwards substituted the name of a lady to whose welfare the company were invited to drink, and who thus became the toast or savour of the wine.

In that age of gallantry, the time of King Charles II., it was the custom when a gentleman drank a lady's health to throw some part of his dress to the flames, in order to do her still greater honor. And his companions were obliged to follow him in this proof of veneration by committing to the flames a similar article of apparel, whatever it might be.

The term "toast" has, however, in course of time developed from a particular into a general sense, and nowadays there is no limit to the number of variety of different toasts which may be given, when men drink together, says a writer in 'John o' London's Weekly.'

At any formal gathering the first toast to be drunk is, of ocurse, "The King"; this loyal toast was not always drunk so loyally some two hundred years ago, when supporters of the Stuarts would secretly drink to "the King across the water."

Macauley tells us how the Jacobites, in the time of William III., had a way of drinking treasonable healths by limping about the room with glasses raised to their lips.

Limp meaning:

L Louis the Fourteenth.
I James.
M Mary of Modena.
P Prince of Wales.

The present-day custom of touching glasses originated when Prince Charles fled to France, after the failure of his expedition in 1745. His supporters, if obliged in society to drink the King's health, tacitly understood that they drank not to King George, but to "the King over the water," and they expressed their real toast symbolically. One glass would be passed over another, and later on the foot of one glass was touched against the rim of another.

Another method of secretly drinking this romantic toast was to hold the wine-glass over the finger-bowl containing water, and to this secret sign is said to be due the curious custom in connection with royal visitors, before whom alone finger-bowls are placed on the dinner-table.

Two Memorials In Old Quebec.

The recent presentation by the American Bar Association of a statue of Blackstone to the English Bar recalls to a writer in the Ottawa Journal two interesting memorials in a Quebec cemetery. The first is to the memory of Henry Blackstone, a son of the famous legal author, and the second is over the grave of Thomas Scott, the favorite brother of Sir Walter Scott.

After having filled, from 1797 to 1799, the functions of Comptroller of Customs at St. Johns, Henry Blackstone became sheriff of Three Rivers, where he married Charlotte Heney, widow of Seignior Pierre Andre de Tonnancour. Owing to certain administrative difficulties, he was dismissed from office by Sir Robert Milnes in 1805. A few years later, in 1811, he secured the position of coroner for the District of Quebec, which he occupied till his decease in 1825. He left a son, William Henry, who was educated in Quebec, and admitted to the Bar of Toronto in February, 1837.

Thomas Scott came to Canada in 1814, as paymaster of the 70th Regiment, which was eventually transferred from Kingston to Quebec. Having for some time been suspended by his superior officers, he was confirmed in his position by Lord Palmerston in 1817. He was such a good writer that he was supposed by some to be the real author of the Waverley Novels. He died in 1853, and left three daughters, Jessie, Ann and Eliza. The eldest married Lieut.-Col. Huxley, and the other two went back to Scotland with their mother.

Didn't Tell This In Wales.

Though he is known as the "Gloomy Dean," Dean Inge can tell funny stories, as the following, his latest, testifies:—

A man who had died had left legacies to his three friends — an Englishman, an Irishman, and a Scotsman—on condition that each of them should put £5 in his coffin. The Englishman put in a £5 note. The Irishman put in another, which he borrowed from the Englishman. The Scotsman took out the two notes and put in a cheque for £15, payable to bearer. To his surprise, he heard two days later that the cheque had been cashed. He had forgotten that the undertaker was a Welshman.

Cigar Nomenclature.

The nomenclature of the cigar trade is one of the very interesting phases of democracy. No gentleman intent upon building up a market for a 10-cent cigar ever named it for a statesman. He complimented, instead an actor, a philanthropist, a race horse, a hypothetical Indian maiden or a supposititious Spanish grandee. To have named a 10-cent cigar for a statesman would have been to "queer" both the cigar and its involuntary patron. The people would not have stood for that sort of thing. It would have presumed a certain superiority which they would have rebuked both at the cigar stand and at the polls.—Philadelphia Public Ledger's "On Second Thought."

WHAT BRITAIN DOES

HAS GIVEN AWAY LAND ALL OVER THE WORLD.

Gives Jubaland, a Territory Larger Than Scotland, to Italy—Long List of Such Acts—A Great Loser Financially.

Great Britain has long had the reputation abroad of being the greatest land-grabbing nation in existence. But there is no empire on the face of the globe that has done so much in the way of voluntary relinquishment of oversea possessions as Great Britain, and it seems timely to call attention to this fact in connection with her voluntary transfer to Italy of Jubaland, a territory embracing some 50,000 square miles, forming the northern part of the British colony of Kenya, in East Africa.

The Philippines once belonged to Great Britain, after having surrendered in 1762 to the naval forces under the command of Gen. William Draper and Admiral Samuel Cornish. A few years later, without any pressure being brought to bear upon her, she restored the islands to Spain, the latter undertaking to repay the money spent on public works. The amount was never paid and remains owing to this day.

Cuba also belonged for a time to the British, but was restored to Spain for no other reason than that the administration in Downing Street did not care to retain its tenure any longer.

Java, and, in fact, all of the Dutch East Indies were in the possession of the British from 1811 until 1818, when they were voluntarily restored to Holland without any compensation whatsoever being given in return.

Minorca has at two different periods formed part of the British Empire, on the last occasion from 1798 until 1803, when it was presented to Spain at the time of the Treaty of Amiens.

Sir George Rodney seized Guiana in 1771. The British set to work to improve the country and develop its mineral wealth. Several years later, without asking for any compensation in return, Britain voluntarily restored it to Holland. In 1796 the British seized it again, held it for several years and then gave it back to the Dutch at the Peace of Amiens. In 1803 Great Britain seized it once more at the cost of much life and treasure and retained it until the downfall of Napoleon in 1814-1815, when she presented a third of Guiana as a free gift to the French, turned over what has proved since to be the richest third thereof to the Netherlands, retaining the third for herself.

Few persons recall that New Guinea, the largest island in the world, next to Australia, was formerly annexed by Queensland. The uncle and predecessor of the present Lord Derby, who was then at the head of the Colonial Office in London, declined to ratify the annexation and subsequently Great Britain, in the face of the protests of all Australia, relinquished one-half of New Guinea to Germany and it became known as Kaiser Wilhelm's Land. The great war enabled the Commonwealth of Australia to recover possession thereof, and it is once more under the British flag.

In 1899 Britain voluntarily abandoned all her rights to the principal islands of the Samoan Archipelago to Germany. But they were restored to the British Empire during the great war.

John Bull has also restored to China the port and adjacent territory of Wei-Hai-Wei, after the expenditure of a great deal of money on its defences and development. He likewise owned Spitzbergen for a time and then abandoned it, made a free gift of the Bay Islands to the Republic of Honduras in 1859, presented the Cape of Good Hope Colony to the Dutch in 1802, after having held it for a number of years, resuming possession thereof, however, in 1814, and made a free gift in 1864 of the Ionian Islands, including Corfu, to Greece. They had been assigned to Great Britain by the Treaty of 1814.

With regard to Gibraltar, Britain's mighty stronghold which commands the entrance to the Mediterranean, few are aware that on six occasions she has offered to restore it to Spain, and that each time the proposal was declined at Madrid.

Under the reign of Charles II. Tangiers belonged to Britain, having been transferred to her by Portugal as part and parcel of the dowry of Princess Catherine of Braganza, on the occasion of her marriage to the "Merrie" monarch. But less than a quarter of a century later Tangiers and its hinterland were abandoned by the British on account of the difficulty and expense of defending them against the Moors.

More recently we have witnessed the extraordinary action of Britain in surrendering the possession of Egypt and all the fruits of her forty years of regeneration and economic and political restoration in the Land of the Pharoahs to an entirely native national Government which she had quixotically set up and that thus far has shown no signs of appreciation or gratitude. On the contrary it is now assailing Great Britain, who rescued her people from centuries of Turkish oppression and destructive tyranny, and is demanding not as a gift but as a right that Britain should surrender to her the entire empire of the Sudan, which has been rescued from Dervish desolation, human extermination and devastation and converted into a fertile, well-ordered British dependency through the expenditure of much British blood and treasure.—New York Times.

Nothing to Worry About.

A woman rushed excitedly to the house of a neighbor. She knocked once very nervously, but there was no reply. A second knock produced no answer. Presently the window above was thrown open and a woman's face appeared.

The woman below looked up and exclaimed hurriedly: "Mrs. Jones, your husband's been sentenced to jail for a month."

"Oh, dear me, Mrs. Smith," replied the other. "How you did frighten me! I thought it was the man after the rent again."

CLOTHES MAKE THE MAN.

Girl Worked for Over Ten Years as a "Waiter."

Is it possible to imagine a more amazing life-story than that of the young woman whose recent death disclosed the secret that she had spent the last ten years of her life as "waiter" in a London restaurant.

Not even the most imaginative novelist could conceive this idea and carry it, logically and unsentimentally, to its proper conclusion—death. Fancy cannot reach as far, and fiction looks a fool!

"Ernest Wood" kept her amazing secret for ten years. She was a slight, attractive youth, a clever "waiter," working and living in the same quarters as the men.

She would often talk jokingly of her "girls," and one girl who responded to the "waiter's" smile said, after "his" death, that he seemed to know so much about girls, their thoughts and vagaries, that she had often been amazed at "his" cleverness.

And then death broadcasts her secret, kept so zealously and so well.

More amazing still, perhaps, is the unique and incredible story of a man, the Chevalier D'Eon, who spent his life alternately as a cavalry officer and a Court "beauty."

The story of the Chevalier D'Eon is, in fact, so strange that it would be rightly unbelievable but for the authentic records in diaries and museums that prove it to the hilt.

About 1763, after a distinguished army career, the Chevalier D'Eon was sent to England from the Court of Louis XV., as temporary French Ambassador to the Court of George III.

He remained in England several years. Suddenly, one bright morning —as the novelettes have it—a lawsuit took place which, to say the least of it, startled the country. A man, on evidence that seemed to him conclusive, betted a wager that the chevalier was a woman, and brought an action to recover the amount of the bet. A great deal of evidence, much more curious than edifying, was brought forward, and it was maintained by the defendant that the case ought to be dismissed as a gambling, indecent, and unnecessary proceeding.

D'Eon from that moment began to be known as Madame D'Eon, and assumed female attire.

"She" gave as her reason that she had chosen a boy's career in order to advance her prospects in life. When a "young man" she was introduced to the Prince de Conti, who introduced her to Louis XV. Louis at that time wanted to form an alliance with Russia—a difficult task that needed a little preliminary intrigue. D'Eon was selected for the delicate position.

Report has it that Louis was made acquainted with the real sex of the chevalier. Be this as it may, D'Eon made two distinct visits to Russia, the first time dressed as a woman—a remarkably pretty and fascinating woman—the second time as a man, unrecognized as his "former self." So well did he succeed in his political mission that he received a pension for life, together with a lieutenancy in the Dragoons from Louis.

Bets to the amount of £70,000 depending on the question of his sex were made during his lifetime. From 1775 till the time of his death, in 1810, he resided in England, wearing the high powdered wigs and flowing satin skirts of the period, a handsome middle-aged woman, the subject of innumerable rumors, duels and monetary losses, by speculative acquaintances.

At length the newspapers announced the death of "the famous Chevalier D'Eon," in Millman Street Foundling Hospital. The country was agog; bets were so thick it might have been a glorified Derby Day.

And then, and not till then, was it properly known that he was really and properly Chevalier D'Eon, who had so often and so successfully, and for reasons so little known, passed himself off as a woman.

Surely beside this astounding case that of "Ernest Wood" is completely eclipsed

London's Charcoal Burners.

How many people know that a large portion of the land now covered by the southern suburbs of London was once a great charcoal district from which practically the whole of the city's fuel came? Vast forests of oak, beech, and ash trees covered these areas, which included Norwood —the Great North Wood—Croydon, Sydenham, and Forest Hill.

In those far-off days of the fourteenth century coal was not allowed to be burnt, as it was considered that the smoke was dangerous to health. It is not exactly easy to see how this could be so, for the smoke from charcoal burning is, to say the least of it, most unpleasant. One bishop, who had his palace at Croydon, was greatly annoyed by a charcoal-burner who lit his fire right under his lordship's windows, filling the palace with the fumes of the smouldering wood. The charcoal-burner was regarded in those times as a sinister figure, and he was often credited with being in league with witches and devils.

Her Punishment.

It was in the jeweller's, and timidly she held out her hand, on which sparkled a ring.

"A young man g-gave it to m-me," she stammered. "Is it a real diamond?"

"Yes, it's real all right," replied the jeweller, staring hard at the gem, "but may I ask who gave it to you?"

"Why, Jimmie H—really, sir, I don't see what business it is of yours," she cried indignantly.

"We'll come to that in a minute, young lady," said the jeweller. "You say his name is Jimmie Harris?"

"Y-yes; but how did you know?" she asked wonderingly.

"It's a beautiful ring," repeated the jeweller, fingering it fondly; "but I'm going to keep it because Mr. Harris still owes me the last seven instalments on it."

Blushing shamefacedly, she slunk away.

Use for Cold Potato.

If there is no paste on hand for the label you want to put on the trunk or bag rub a cold potato over the back of the paper label and it will stick as firmly as if glued.

Whimsical

A college wag opines that the Biblical story of the creation must have been written by a baseball reporter, because it starts off with, "In the big inning—"—Boston Transcript.

ANIMALS IN THE COURT

IN MIDDLE AGES EVEN WILD ANIMALS WERE TRIED.

Dog Was Brought Before Judge Morson In Ontario—Monkey Broke the Law—Chimpanzee Was Fined for Smoking—Doves Tried In Canada.

A dog once gave evidence in the Toronto Division Court and his testimony quickly decided a case. 'Twas a dispute between two men over the ownership of a collie. At length Judge Morson adopted the Solomonic mode of justice and called for the animal to see if he would choose his rightful master. With a bark and a bound which quite scandalized the court attendants the canine romped into the room, instantly identifying by his show of affection, the man to whom he belonged. This episode at the Toronto City Hall ten years ago or more is brought to mind because in an American court in this year of grace 1924, two human witnesses were called to give evidence concerning the good character or otherwise, of a dog. Under British law, a dog or horse is entitled to one bite or one kick without penalty. Should they transgress again the former offence counts against their masters and may in the case of the dog mean that animal's death.

Duding the Middle Ages and later, not their masters, but the animals themselves, were tried for any misbehavior with teeth, hoofs and claws or horns. Between 824 A.D. and 1906, says E. P. Evans, in his "The Criminal Prosecution and Punishment of Animals," 191 animals were tried. And this list does not include the trained chimpanzee which, on a one-night stand in Indiana, smoked a cigarette, thereby infracting a local law and incurring a fine of $5 which its owner had to pay. But Evans' list does include the case, in 1906, of two Swiss robbers who, with a gigantic dog, set upon, robbed and killed a traveller. Under Swiss non-capital punishment law, the robbers went to jail, but the dog which did the slaying was sentenced to death.

Turtle doves were brought to trial in French Canada two centuries or more ago, which sounds even more ridiculous than the case in old France when a sow and piglets were found guilty of killing a child; the sow was solemnly hanged by the neck, and the piglets let off on account of their youth. Cotton Mather tells of a trial which took place in New Haven in 1662 when feeling about witches was running high. The defendants included a cow, two heifers, three sheep and two sows. Back in 1452 in Europe sixteen cows and a goat were haled into court.

Then there was the ass at Nismes in 1768, which, wandering into a church and drinking holy water was hanged and burned for sacrilege. There was the Russian he-goat banished to Siberia. Dolphins were tried at Marseilles, caterpillars in Italy. Eels, gadflies, snails and serpents have appeared in court.

"If an ox gore a man or a woman that they die; then the ox shall be surely stoned and his flesh shall not be eaten," declared a medieval statute which stated further that if the owner knew beforehand that his man-killing animal was vicious then both he and the beast should perish. As early as the ninth century it was customary to try domestic animals in the criminal courts and wild creatures in the ecclesiastical courts, the latter court frequently decreeing banishment or exorcism. The summons was read three times at a place frequented by the accused when they were wild. If they did not appear to defend themselves, the judgment went by default.

Often the courts showed no haste, and it has been suggested that they did not relish being shown up as unable to enforce their decrees. They had the undeniable right of anathema, however. It was established, for example, in the proceedings against the snout beetles that ravaged the vineyards of Mount Cenis in the sixteenth century. The case dragged for 43 years and filled 29 books of proceedings, and in the end a plot of ground was set aside in perpetuity for the beetles, for it had been proved that they had the right to live.

Many an ingenious plea came from the counsel for such defendants. One such is still admiringly spoken of in legal works. The lawyer was Bartholomew Chassence, and his argument made him a reputation which carried him to the presidency of the Parliament of Province. The trial was in August, 1552. The accused were rats. They did not appear at the first citation. Clearly they had not been properly summoned, said Bartholomew. They would have to be summoned in every parish.

Granted, but still they failed to come to court. But, said counsel, to obey meant for the rats virtually a migration. They would need time. Granted, but still no defendants frisked into court. Thereupon Bartholomew addressed the court: "Your Lordships, many of my clients are aged and infirm, and many are sick; they need more time." The learned judged in their furred gowns gravely consented. When again the trial day arrived and no rats, he pleaded: "My clients have heard the order and are eager to come, but fear the cats, which have also heard and lie in wait. The rats are entitled to the protection of the court in obeying the summons."

So the court ordered bonds put up for all the cats. But the cats were owned by the plaintiffs in the action, and the owners would give no bonds. So the case went to the defendants by default — and Chassence was a made man.

Where the Pinch Comes.

Customer in Shoe Store—This shoe pinches my joint.

Salesman—Sorry, madam, but all the joints in town are pinched.—American Legion Weekly.

Centuries Older Than Pyramids.

The National Geographical Society has sent an expedition to Mexico for the purpose of uncovering the ancient ruins of Guicuilo, which lie to the south of Mexico City. These are believed to be the oldest hand-made structures on the north American continent. Preliminary observations have disclosed an artificial mound, 412 feet in diameter and 412 feet high, and the explorers believe it probable that 1,000 years before the first pyramid was built some monarch of the Valley of Mexico caused his subjects to erect this great monument for him.

HUGE MEMORIAL TO SOLDIERS.

Will Carve a Monument Out of a Mountainside.

What follows is the story of the largest piece of sculpture ever attempted in ancient or modern times. The work is known as the "Stone Mountain Commemorative Memorial," and it is located in the State of Georgia, 16 miles from Atlanta.

Stone Mountain is a vast block of cliff of pure granite, one and one-half miles in length, which rises from the valley to a height, throughout its central portion, of 867 feet above the ground. For several hundred feet this imposing and absolutely solid wall rises perpendicularly, and then for the few hundred feet remaining, curves over backward gradually to its highest point.

The Stone Mountain Commemorative Memorial has grown to its present magnificent proportions from a comparatively modest beginning. If you ask Gutzon Borglum, the sculptor, he will tell you that a momentary flash of inspiration was responsible for a work which will take eight years to complete. It seems that several years ago, the United Daughters of the Confederacy inaugurated a movement for a memorial to Robert Lee as the representative of the South. Their plan was for a bas-relief head of Lee to be cut in the base of Stone Mountain. Borglum pointed out that such a work would be without distinction or dignity, since it would be utterly dwarfed by the mountain. He likened the plan to pasting a postage stamp on a barn door. He said that they should grave something of heroic size deeply across the face of the mountain.

Borglum's design shows the Confederate army on the march, with a central group consisting of Lee, Davis, Jackson, Johnston, Forrest and Stewart. All branches of the service are in that long line, which stretches 200 feet in depth and between 1,200 and 1,300 feet in length across the vertical face of the mountain at a little above its mide-height. There will be a full quarter of a mile of marching figures.

The original estimate for the cost of the memorial, as made in 1916, was $2,000,000, but due to the increased cost of labor and materials it will probably reach $4,000,000. The expense is to be borne by private subscriptions; by the city of Atlanta, Fulton County, and a contribution from the State of Georgia.

The best way to sense the immensity of this memorial is by comparison with other large sculptural and structural works of ancient and modern times. Thus the great sphinx of Gizah would sink out of sight behind Gen. Lee's head; the far-famed Colossi of Memnon at Thebes would scarcely reach to his stirrup; and if the base of a 16-storey skyscraper stood at the level of the hoofs of Gen. Lee's horse, its topmost cornice would just reach the top of his hat; for Lee and his horse occupy over 200 feet of the vertical face of the mountain. The marching host will stretch across the mountain's face from southwest to northeast, and in the whole group there will be about 1,000 figures whose overage height will be 140 feet. The work will be cut in half relief on the average, but there are places where it will be in full relief. The most important part of the frieze will, of course, be the central group of Gen. Lee and his officers.—Scientific American.

The Miser's Lot.

John D. Rockefeller, Jr., said in one of his brilliant class addresses:

"Young men should be saving, but not miserly. There is no greater folly than miserliness.

"A young man on a seaside excursion was lunching in a cafeteria. All at once he leaned back in his chair and heaved a tremendous sigh—a sigh half of rage and half of grief.

"'What's the matter, Bill?' said the other young man who was with him.

"Bill pointed to his plate.

"'This here steak and kidney pie,' he explained, 'see all that kidney? Well I saved it up to eat at the last, and now I'm so full I can't look at it. Gee, ain't it a shame?'"

Watchers of the Skies.

Compared with birds, human beings have a poor sight. It is well known that an eagle is capable of sighting its quarry from a great height, and is able to swoop down and seize it exactly in the centre of its neck.

Most birds have good sight, but in some the faculty is more developed than in others. The woodcock, for instance, has the remarkable power of flying at a great speed through dense thickets as though it were flying through an open space.

It is also astonishing to see the pace at which a bird will alight upon a tree or building. Only most acute sight enables it to do this accurately. Then, how quickly birds discern food that has been left on the ground. Throw a piece of bread at a time when no birds are near, and in a few moments a number of them will be on the spot.

What a Horse Can Pull.

Tests made recently proved that a pair of horses, each weighing 1,600 pounds, could haul a load 550 pounds greater than themselves.

On a metal track, one of these animals, it has been shown, can draw one and two-thirds times as much as on a good asphalt surface, five times as much as on cobblestone paving, and twenty times the load it can pull on an ordinary mud road.

For the usual type of farm horse, a cart carrying a weight of 1,500 pounds is considered to be a fair task. While pulling light vehicles and under saddle, records indicate that horses are equal to great feats of strength and endurance.

A twenty-year-old beast hitched to a light cart is known to have travelled a hundred miles in less than thirteen and a half hours and was in excellent condition at the end of its journey.

Proud of Him.

Wealthy One—"I am a self-made man."

Friend—"And I suppose your wife and daughters are proud of you?"

"Yes; just about as proud as they would be of a home-made dress."

Tolling.

Waiter (after guest has rung for ten minutes): "Did you ring, sir?"

Guest: "No, I was tolling; I thought you were dead!"

IDEA PROVIDES NEW THRILL

Scenic Railway Two Miles High Under Construction—Will Give Wonderful View of Mont Blanc.

Think of swooping through the air, from Alpine crag to crag, on a real scenic railway over two miles high! This queerest of engineering projects, stranger than anything that has been attempted before, not only has proved feasible but part of the line is now in operation. It was under construction when the war broke out, but the suspended work has recommenced, and, according to press dispatches, the line soon will be open to tourists.

This unique railway, technically known as a teleferique, will run from Les Bessons in the Chamonix valley, France, up the Aiguille du Midi, 12,608 feet high, one of the jagged, precipitous needles in the Mont Blanc range. Tourists, in 90 minutes, will be transported from summer heat to the Arctic zone of Mont Blanc, swooping safely through the air while avalanches of snow and ice crash harmlessly by, hundreds of feet beneath the suspended cars.

The idea behind this novel engineering feat is to transport tourists skyward to the land of eternal snow and ice. Hundreds of thousands of tourists have seen Mont Blanc from below, but by means of this teleferique line many will be transported safely and comfortably to a spot where only the hardiest of alpinists have ever ventured, and where visitors wishing to escape the heat of summer may indulge in all kinds of winter sports.—Scientific American.

FISH THAT CAN CLIMB TREES

Nature Has Endowed the Goby With More Than Its Share of Physical Requirements.

The goby is a fish that lives mainly in warm countries. It often crawls out of the water in large numbers, and skips and plays on shore like a lively kitten. In the countries where these wonderful fish are found the shores in many places are covered with low mangrove trees, and up these the goby climbs in search of food.

These fish have developed out of their fore fins what look like arms, with hands with webbed fingers, which help them to get over the ground, and out of their hind fins a kind of sucker or sucking disk, by means of which they can cling closely to the bark of a tree.

The goby is sometimes called a "mudskipper," because it goes "skipping along over the wet sands and mud, even skipping with great speed over the surface of the water," says one writer. "It chases its insect prey among rocks, leaves and weeds, and out of the water is as agile as a lizard."

The eyes are raised on stalks so that the creature can look in all directions without turning the head. Gobies have been timed to stay from three to six hours out of water.

Original Tipper Objects to Tips.

The tipping system might be said to hail from England, at least it has been allowed to flourish there for a great many years, but the Englishmen are now criticizing the American tourists for their generosity in the matters of tips. Recently several publications have had articles on this subject. A correspondent of one paper says it is almost impossible for other tourists to get any attention whatever when there are American tourists to be served at the baggage rooms of the railroad stations. It is asserted that the Americans are unnecessarily extravagant in the matter of tips and the English people do not like them any the better for it.

Mystery of Identity.

An atmosphere of mystery surrounds the identity of an ex-soldier at Mauchline, Ayrshire, Scotland. It seems that an itinerant rugmaker called at a house in Kirkconnel soliciting work. The housewife, struck by his resemblance to a Mauchline man of her acquaintance, named James McDonald, put several questions to him, and learned that his name was William McDonald. She gave him hospitality, and in response to her telegram Mr. James McDonald, of Mauchline, proceeded to Kirkconnel, and, being practically satisfied of the stranger's identity, took him to his home in Mauchline. The stranger's mind is practically a blank, but during brief intervals of mental clarity he stated that he had been buried by a shell explosion in France, and was subsequently taken prisoner, suffering from shell shock. On one of his arms the name "William McDonald" is tatooed, but his hair, which is brown, differs from that of the soldier brother, which was black. The stranger explains that he lost his hair while in hospital, and that it grew again a different color. His recollection of events associated with his boyhood strengthens Mr. McDonald's belief that his "dead" brother has indeed returned to life. Meanwhile, he is being well cared for at Mauchline.

Search for Elusive Vitamin.

Manufacturers of various foods and drinks have developed the habit of talking very freely about "vitamins" in spite of the fact that nobody has hitherto quite known what "vitamins" really are. Analysts have been hunting long and patiently and now success is reported, almost simultaneously from several sources. One of these comes from Japan, one from Washington and one nearly simultaneously from chemists in Toronto and New York. Vitamin A has been separated from cod liver oil as a semi-crystalline product of aldehydic nature by the Japanese investigator Takahashi. Vitamin B has been isolated from Brewer's yeast as a picrate by Dr. Atherton Seidell, of the United States Public Health Service in Washington. Vitamin D appears to be a mixture of three compounds which accelerate the growth of yeast.

He Followed Suit.

"The landlady threw my best coat and trousers out into the street."

"What did you do?"

"I followed suit."—From Everybody's Magazine.

DAVY & ALLISON

Plumbing,
Furnace Work,
Tinsmiths.

Hardware, Paints and Oils.
Stoves, and Furnaces.

DAVY & ALLISON,
Next to Caton's.

FRED S. SCOTT

BARBER and TOBACCONIST
John St.
(One door south of Express Office.)

Everything clean and sanitary.

Satisfaction guaranteed.

We carry a full line of pipes, cigarettes and tobacco. Our prices are right

Bring your films to us. 25 years experience at developing and printing. Enlargements made on short notice.

Mail orders will receive prompt attention.

Government Standard

Field Seeds

Garden Seeds in Bulk
Flower Seeds
Fertilizers

GEO. E. WINTER,
SEEDS
Dundas St. Phone 78.

Denison Bros.

We Sell to Satisfy.

Pure Cream Tartar, 1 lb..	30c.
Pure Black Pepper, 1 lb..	25c.
1 lb. tin Sockeye Salmon..	28c.
2 pkgs. Shredded Wheat...	25c.
Good Black Tea, 1 lb.....	50c.
Good Green Tea, 1 lb.....	50c.
1 lb. Fine Tea for........	30c.
Try our Vinegar, per gal..	35c.
14 B. tin Baking Powder..	20c.
4 bars White Naptha.....	25c.
Lennox Laundry Soap, 6 bars for..............	25c.
6 bars Olive Toilet.......	25c.
3 lbs. good Rice.........	20c.
2 lbs. Cocoa for.........	20c.
Shortening, per lb........	17c.

Denison Bros.

North Centre Street.
NAPANEE, ONTARIO.

CORNS
end the pain quickly, *safely*

In one minute you can end the pain of corns with Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads. They end the misery of corns by eliminating the cause, *friction-pressure.* No danger of infection from cutting or corrosive acids.

Zino-pads are *thin;* antiseptic, waterproof. They protect while they heal. Sizes for corns, callouses and bunions. Call today and get a box of this *new,* magic corn treatment.

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

Put one on—the pain is gone!

We also carry a complete line of Dr. Scholl's Foot Comfort Appliances and Remedies

The Haines Shoe Houses

Daly's Good Tea is dependable —When you buy a pound you know with certainty that you will serve a tea rich in flavor and of the proper strength, one that will make the members of your family or your guests exclaim, "What a splendid cup of tea." This famous brand for sale at WALLACE'S DRUG STORE.

ST. ANDREWS'
Annual

CONCERT AND BAZAAR

CANTATA
Penitence, Pardon, Peace
Chorus—40 Voices.

Soloists :
Mrs. E. Burritt, Soprano
Mr. Marvin Rathbun, Baritone.
Miss Helen VanLuven, Pianist.
Organist and Conductor, Mrs. J. E. Madden.

ST. ANDREWS' CHURCH
THURSDAY, OCT. 30th
8 o'clock
ADMISSION - 50 CENTS

Poultry Wanted.

Bring us your surplus of young roosters and hens that are not laying. Correct weight and fair prices are bringing us increased business. We buy any legal day, but prefer them Mondays, Tuesdays and Wednesdays. Give us a trial.

THE M. B. MILLS CO.
47-tf Phone 103.

CANTATA

The Schooner Lyman Davis is in the harbour with a load of coal for VanLuven's.

You will find the part of the lecture, "millions now living will never die," very interesting, because it concerns YOU.

The death of Mr. Felix Benjamin, a former well-known resident of Yarker, took place about a week ago at his home in Alberta.

Civilization doomed, but millions now living will never die. Do not fail to hear this wonderful lecture on the "Signs of the Times."

What should be of the greatest interest to the people of Napanee —The lecture in Wonderland Theatre next Sunday afternoon at 3 p.m. Come.

ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH

On Thursday, Oct. 30th, H. W. Gallagher will sell for John Thompson, half mile south of Roblin, at 1 p.m., 3 horses, 6 cows, yearling bull, calves, pigs, hens, farm machinery, household furniture and crops. Usual terms.

Out of the anguish of the falling of the present civilization will be born a better day—The Golden Age now dawning. The Scriptures show that millions will live through the trouble and never die. This will be fully explained in Wonderland Theatre next Sunday afternoon at 3 p.m.

Civilization doomed but millions now living will never die. Walter Sargeant, Associate lecturer of the International Bible Students Association, will deliver a lecture in Wonderland Theatre next Sunday, Nov. 2nd, at 3 p.m. You are cordially invited. Seats free. No collection.

THURSDAY EVE., OCT. 30

Brave old Ontario! The banner Province of the Dominion! What a glorious example she has set for the others. The temperance people have certainly done a wonderful work, and have earned and won, the thanks of every right minded citizen in the Dominion.

MRS. D. W. ALLISON,
Sec. Pleb. Com., Adolphustown.

The Prince of Wales sailed away on the Olympic at one o'clock Saturday morning. The Prince sailed at an hour when most of the good citizens of New York were in bed. There was very little formality to his going, there being only a few in the rotunda of the Pennsylvania station and outside the big doors of pier 59. A retinue of police, a throng of newspaper men and a cluster of young women. The evening hours the Prince spent aboard the Olympic with his personal staff.

AT 8 O'CLOCK

Louis Morel, ex-Montreal detective, Arengiolo Di Vincento, alias "Tony Frank," Guiseppe Serafilni and Frank Gambino, four of the six men found guilty of the murder of Henri Cleroux, chauffeur of the Bank of Hochelaga collection car on April 1st last, paid the penalty for their crime a few minutes before five o'clock Friday morning when they were hanged at Bordeaux jail, Montreal. They went to their death in pairs, Morel and Gambino being executed simultaneously on one scaffold, Serafilni and Frank on the other.

"Your life is hid with Christ in God," Col. 3-3 ; "Be ye kind one to another," Eph. 4-32 ; "The Lord seeth not as man seeth," 1 Sam. 16-7 ; "Our help is in the name of the Lord, who made heaven and earth," Ps. 124-8 ; "The Lord thy God is with thee, whithersoever thou goest," Josh. 1-9.

More moulded to Thy will,
Lord let Thy servant be,
Higher and higher still,
Liker and liker Thee.

A BIBLE LOVER.

ADMISSION 50 CENTS

ST. ANDREWS'

CONCERT AND BAZAAR

Sale of Fancy Work, Bags, Aprons, Candy, and Homemade Food.

Tea served from 4 to 6 p. m.

ST. ANDREWS' CHURCH
THURSDAY, OCT. 30th.

PERSONALS

(All our readers are cordially invited to hand in, or send in, any news they may have for this column).

Mrs. Norman Galt was a caller in town on Friday.

Mr. G. W. Gibbard spent a few days last week in Toronto.

Mrs. Alpine Woods is spending a couple of weeks in Toronto.

Miss Beatrice Windover has gone to Waukeegan, Wis., hospital as a nurse-in-training.

Mrs. John Carman, Deseronto, is the guest of her daughter, Mrs. G. Dennis.

Mr. and Mrs. Manson Stevens and family spent the week-end in Toronto.

Rev. A. J. Terrill conducted anniversary services at String on Sunday. Mrs. Terrill accompanied him.

Mrs. Ephriam Wagar is visiting friends at Enterprise.

Mr. A. E. Paul's many friends were pleased to see him able to be around again on Monday.

Mrs. W. D. Hunter and little daughter are spending a couple of weeks wth her sister, Mrs. H. Stevenson, Toronto.

Miss Ruth Clugson, Kingston, is the guest of Miss Vivian McLaughlin.

Col. A. P. Deroche and two children, Ottawa, spent the week-end with friends in Napanee.

Mrs. Fred J. VanAlstyne is spending a few days at her home in Roblin.

Mrs. H. E. Page has returned to her home in Toronto, after spending two weeks with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Scrimshaw, Morven.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Melbourne announce the marriage of their daughter, Edith Alice, to Mr. James Gardner, the wedding to take place in late October.

Miss Leila Wright is closing her home on Dundas street and leaves shortly for Ottawa to spend the winter with her sister, Mrs. Reeve.

Mr. Stanley Snider, Odessa, underwent a serious operation in Kingston General Hospital on Sunday.

Mrs. Chas. N. Jackson and children returned to Oshawa on Saturday last.

Mrs. Wm. Moffat and Mrs. E. I. Boyle spent last week on a motor trip to Stratford.

Mrs. Nicholas VanAlstyne spent the week-end in Picton attending the funeral of her sister, Mrs. Green.

Mrs. Manson Stevens has returned from spending a couple of weeks with her sister-in-law, in Detroit.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Vandewater were in Montreal last week attending the funeral of the late John Allen.

Mrs. W. S. Detlor left last week to spend the winter with her daughter, Mrs. R. G. H. Travers, Walkerville.

Mr. and Mrs. Esterbrook and Miss Mildred, Mrs. D. H. Lasher and Mrs. John Botting and little daughter, Myrtle, Roblin, motored to Trenton on Thursday to visit friends.

Mrs. E. R. Sills left on Monday night to spend a few days at Marlbank with her sister, Mrs. Nettie Clarke.

Mrs. Manly Jones, Mrs. Colin Schryver and Miss Schryver left on Sunday for California.

Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Hawley, of Bancroft, uncle and aunt of Mrs. E. R. Sills, were guest of Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Sills, after an absence of 45 years.

Mr. and Mrs. Ethan Ungar, of Picton, were guests of Mrs. E. R. Sills on Monday on their way to Morven to attend the funeral of Mrs. Willis Ungar.

MARRIAGES

Nugent—Wilson—At the Methodist Church, Selby, on Wednesday, Oct. 22nd, 1924, by the Rev. T. H. P. Anderson, Mary E. B. Wilson, daughter of Mr. Jas. A. Wilson, to Claude W. Nugent, both of Napanee.

DEATHS

Unger—At Kingston, on Saturday, October 25th, 1924, Susan Elizabeth Unger, beloved wife of Mr. Willis Unger, aged 33 years.

Williams—At Napanee, on Thursday, Oct. 23rd, 1924, Elijah Joseph Williams, aged 73 years.

Keeping the Doctors Busy.

In the course of a conference on tuberculosis held a few years ago, it was stated that this disease alone costs Great Britain no less than thirteen and a half million pounds a year. Think of it—more than a million a month, or about £40,000 a day!

Rheumatism is not usually counted as a serious malady; yet it cripples or partially cripples so many of us that it is reckoned that the labor lost through the affliction in Britain is worth between five and six million pounds yearly.

Influenza is prevalent every year, and when a really bad epidemic strikes the country, as happened in 1919, about one in five of the whole population suffers. The sick roll from influenza in that year was nine millions, and there were nearly 150,000 deaths.

The cost of treatment and value of lives lost did not fall far short of ten millions sterling, and absence of work and dislocation of trade must have cost at least as much more. So that one visitation left the nation no less than twenty millions of pounds poorer.

Day by day about one in forty-five of the population is on the sick list. If only one-fifth of these are wage-earners, there is a loss of a million and a half working days in each week.

While exact figures are unobtainable, it is safe to say that illness is costing the Old Country at least £4,000 an hour day and night all the year round.

To Fishermen.

Best quality linen gill-netting at less than Toronto prices. Cotton line and Leader net.

WILSON'S HARDWARE.

DON'T MISS THIS
$

Robinson's Fall Dollar Days !

ARE---

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 31st, and SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 1st

Dollars Saved are Dollars Earned

Again we hit the line. These Dollar Days come in a season when you are compelled to spend your money on wearing apparel, general merchandise and home decorations.

Our Fall and Winter Merchandise was carefully chosen from sources which make our values undeniably great when qualities are considered.

For two days we are further lowering the barriers of "Price" and invite each and all of our customers to step through and avail themselves of the numerous great advantages which these Dollar Days afford.

A guarantee of permanent satisfaction goes with every Robinson Co. Sale.

Read this table of obtainable values. Come with your neighbors and shop where your dollars take home the greatest quantity of quality merchandise.

Our Regular $1.25

FLANNELETTE NIGHT GOWNS

For $1.00 Each

These come with low neck and short sleeves and are made from heavy, well napped, service giving flannelette. Quantity is limited. Regulation sizes only.

—D—

Extra Dollar Days Special

WOMEN'S AND MSSES' AFTERNOON DRESSES

At $15.00 Each

These dresses we have chosen from regular stock. Some of them were priced as high as $30.00. They come in an exclusive range of slender styles which are individually and exclusively ornamented. Featured in Canton Crepe, Broche Canton and Knitted Silks.

You'll find this one of our greatest Dollar Days specials.

—D—

COTTON FLANNEL DAY-TIME FROCK

Reg. $3.25 for $2.50 Each

This is another Dollar Day special that is worthy of your special attention. These dresses are made from small checked cotton flannel. The style boasts of V neck-line and three-quarter sleeves. You'll find them good and reliable for house-wear.

Limited quantity. Assorted sizes.

—D—

On Girls' Coats

WE OFFER $1.00 OFF

Regular Prices

This discount applies on all garments $10.00 and over in price and includes all styles, colors and materials. A great majority of these garments are fur-trimmed, others are plain but neatly decorated.

Why not save a dollar while you can.

—D—

Select Group of

FUR-TRIMMED COATS

On Sale at $35.00 Each

Women still open to buy Coats should take advantage of this extraordinary special as it affords you the opportunity of saving from $2.50 to $7.50 on your purchasings.

Each garment represents an outstanding Fall Style. Each has a splendid fur collar of Coon or Opossum. They are lined and interlined.

Obtainable in splendid range of Fall colors and in such fashionable fabrics as Teddy-Bear, Velours and Duvelyns.

—D—

$1.00 Off

BROADCLOTH PRINCESS SLIPS

Reg. $2.95, Dollar Days $1.95

The well groomed woman has a slip for every gown. Our dollar days sale affords you a splendid opportunity to stock up. Obtainable in Navy, Sand, Black, Flesh, Brown, Grey, Cream. All sizes.

Small Girls' Grey and Red

WOOL UNDERSKIRTS

On Sale $1.00 each.
Were $1.89 and $2.00.

Choose these for school-wear. You'll find they will give the required amount of warmth, which insures good health and comfort.

Limited quantity.

—D—

COLORED ORGANDIE TEA-APRONS

Reg. $1.15 for $1.00 Each.

These aprons will make admirable Xmas gifts. In fact we bought them for that purpose. Come in a range of bright shades.

—D—

Dollar Day Specials in

MILLINERY

Reg. $1.75, $2.00 and $2.50 Values for $1.49 each.

In this special group are smartly shaped hats in colored sport Tweeds and plain plushes. They are ideal hats for school-girls' wear.

—D—

$1.00 OFF ALL HATS

$7.50 and over in Price

This sale item gives you the privilege of choosing from the finest range of hats we have ever procured. Styles and colors for every occasion.

—D—

WOMEN'S $25.00 COATS FOR $19.75

Different Styles
Different Colors

We invite our Dollar Days shoppers to investigate this outstanding coat offering.

Each garment is made from a smoothly finished, all wool Velour, in one of the smart, straight-line styles. Each is lined throughout and each is inter-lined. A good looking fur collar of Beaverine decorates each coat.

You'll find these coats great values.

—D—

Dollar Days Specials From the

DRESS GOODS DEPARTMENT

25 YARDS ONLY, heavy Canadian Velour winter coating. Color Brown. 54 in. wide, $1.00 yd.

75 YARDS ONLY Tweed and Homespun, 54 in. wide, plain and mixed Fall colorings, $1.00 per yard.

PLAIN AND FANCY SILKS suitable for separate blouses and dresses. 36 in. wide, $1.00 yd.

REMNANTS, dress goods, silks, coatings, assorted lengths, wide range to choose from $1.00 yd.

54 IN. PURE WOOL SERGE colors Navy, Black, Brown, Saxe, Airedale. Firm weight, regular $1.50 yd., $1.00 yd.

WOOL CHEVIOT, 2 yds. for $1.00. A wonderful value-getting opportunity. Colors Black, Green, Cardinal, 54 in. wide, pure wool.

2 YDS. FOR $1.00, plaid dress goods, plain eiderdown.

3 YDS. FOR $1.00, stripe near Flannel, light colors, assorted stripe effect.

Dollar Days Specials

STAPLE DEPARTMENT

2 yards 40, 42, 44 and 46 in. Circular Pillow Cottons, regular 60 and 65 cent values for $1.00.

Turkish Towels, values up to $1.25 a pair, for $1.00 pair.

Huckaback Towels, values up to $1.25, for $1.00 pair.

5 yds. all linen Roller Towelling, 25c. values, for $1.00.

3½ yds., 23 in. all linen Glass Towelling, 35c. values, for $1.00.

2½ yds., Horrockses 33 in. white Flannelette for $1.00.

4 yds., 34 in. wide white Flannelette for $1.00.

3½ yds., Angola Shirting Flannelette, 35c. value for $1.00.

3 yds., dark, plain, also check Shirting Flannelette, regular 40c value, for $1.00.

One 54 in. square Brocaded Table Oilcloth Cover, $1.25 value for $1.00.

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HOSIERY SPECIALS FOR DOLLAR DAYS

35 pair only, Ladies' Brown Cashmere Hose, double hem at top, reinforced heels and toes, double sole, regular $1.00 pair Sale Price 2 pairs for $1.00.

Outsize, in other words, extra large size, Ladies' Black Cashmere Hose, with wide top, double heel, sole and toe, sizes 9, 9½ only. Regular $1.00 pair, Sale Price 2 pairs for $1.00.

Children's Ribbed Cashmere Hose. These are odd lines and sizes in 1-1 ribb, with plain knit cashmere feet, reinforced for hard wear, sizes 7½ to 10. Regular $1.00 and 75c. pair, Sale Price, 2 pair for $1.00.

60 only Ladies' Wooltex Vests, button front, with long sleeves. These are Fall and Winter weight, size 38. Regular $1.00 value, Sale Price 2 for $1.00.

Ladies' Zenith Drawers, "open style" ankle length. These are 90 per cent. wool and size 38 only. Regular $2.00 pair, on sale $1.00 pair.

Corticelli "Silk and wool" 1 oz. balls, regular 35c. ball, 4 balls $1.00. Shades are Sky, Mauve, Primrose, Mushroom, Camel, Platinum, Matrix, Capri, Poppy, Black and White.

—D—

Dollar Day Bargains From the

CARPET DEPARTMENT

FLOOR OIL-CLOTH

2 yards of good quality Oilcloth for $1.00. We have 26 patterns in stock to select from.

CURTAIN MARQUISETTE

3 yards of our 40 and 50 cent. colored Marquisette for $1.00. Obtainable in three good designs, 36 in. wide.

REPP AND ARMURE

These reliable upholstering fabrics come 50 in. wide. Our regular price is $1.50 per yard. On sale for two days at $1.00 per yard.

SCOTCH MADRAS

36 inches wide. This is a special value at 75 cents per yard. Sale price 2 yards for $1.00. Comes in Green only.

AMERICAN MARQUISETTE

36 inches wide, regular 35, 40 and 45 cent. qualities. Sale price 3 yards for $1.00. Featured in White, Ecru and Cream.

Special Dollar Days Items

FROM OUR GIFT DEPARTMENT

20 PIECES HEAVY COLONIAL CUT GLASS

Special value at 39c. each. Dollar Days 4 for $1.00. Your choice of sugar and cream, pitcher, comport, celery, spoon trays, 8-inch bowls, covered butter dishes, covered honey jars, pickle dishes, etc..

39c. each, Dollar Days only, **4 for $1.00.**

4 QUART COVERED SAUCE-PAN

Pure Aluminum, guaranteed, with handles, reg. $1.25—Dollar Days **$1.00.**

FREE WARMING PAN
(Pure Aluminum)

We give free of charge with every piece of Aluminum costing $1.00 or over (except above item) one handy warming pan with handle.

DINNER PLATES 35c. EACH

Dollar Days **5 for $1.00.** Johnson's English made, Clover Leaf, White and Gold.

XMAS TOY PRIZE PACKAGE $1.00

A wonderful assortment of children's toys. The biggest possible value. Dollar Days, **$1.00 pkg.**

WEATHER HOUSES

Usually sold at $1.00 and $1.25 each. Tell you when its going to rain. Dollar Days **2 for $1.00.**

TUNGSTEN LAMPS

Best quality, guaranteed Tungsten Lamps, 40 watt or 60 watt sizes. Dollar Days only, **5 for $1,00.**

Stock up for the season at this price.

TOILET PAPER

Large rolls, finest crepe tissue. (700 sheets) interlake quality. Dollar Days, **12 Rolls for $1.00.**

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Phenomenal Specials for Dollar Days

IN OUR MEN'S AND BOYS' STORE

MEN'S FINE SHIRTS, woven cloth, sizes 14 to 17, regular $1.50 for $1.00.

MEN'S CAPS, for Fall wear. Sizes 6¾ to 7⅜. Regular $1.50 and $1.75, Dollar Days price $1.00.

MEN'S WORK SHIRTS, heavy flannelette, sizes 14½ to 17. Dollar Days price $1.00.

MEN'S LINED MITTS, horse front, heavy woollen wrist. Dollar Days price $1.00.

MEN'S SILK AND WOOL, also CASHMERE HOSE. Regular 75c., 2 pairs for $1.00.

MEN'S FOUR-IN-HAND NECKWEAR. Special new goods, worth 75c. to $1.00. 10 dozen to sell at 2 for $1.00.

YOUTHS' AND SMALL MEN'S MITTS, all horse-hide, lined throughout, good wool wrist. Dollar Days special $1.00.

BOYS' ENGLISH SWEATERS, Polo Collar, three button down front, fine quality. Navy, Brown, Saxe. Regular $1.50 for $1.00.

Quality,
Service,
Value.

THE ROBINSON CO.
LIMITED

We close at 10 p.m. Saturdays. Other days at 5.30 p.m.